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ON TOUR WITH QUEEN MARIE



HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA

On Tour with Queen Marie

By

CONSTANCE LILY MORRIS

[Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris]



Robert M. McBride & Company
NEW YORK MCMXXVII

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Published, March, 1927.

ON TOUR WITH QUEEN MARIE

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PREFACE

THERE ARE EYES AND EYES. Blue, brown, gray, myopic, squinted and astigmatic. And each of them sees a different aspect of the same sight.

The vision that the newspapers got of the Queen of Roumania's American tour, with no exceptions, had so decided a "squint" to it that my only excuse for being a raconteur of the trip is that, from my vantage ground, I got so very different a view.

I saw from within and I saw from without, and I got from it all so thoroughly satisfying and interesting an impression of the Queen as "star," and of America as *mise en scène*, orchestra and director (not to speak of author and scene shifter too), that I feel my view of the whole performance, from a seat very close to the stage, is at least worth the trouble of putting into black and white. To me it was all drama, and I have tried to set down the actors and the action as it came.

For myself, one of the supers in the affair, I can only say I derived the most lasting benefit. It was more than pleasure—it was knowledge—to see my country, the United States, as it was presented to me on this trip: big, broad, generous. In no other

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way could I have had before me just the aspects, each so unique, these individual states gave to a visiting Queen, and I am humbly grateful.

Each night, no matter what the strenuousness of the day, I propped my eyelids open long enough to put down what I saw. A few details of the trip I have omitted, for the simple reason that I perhaps did not view them with my own eyes. This is a personal record and not an itinerary.

I wish to acknowledge the kind assistance of Miss Elmira F. Grogan in the preparation of this book.

Before the departure of Her Majesty, I suggested to her that I would write this journal for publication and give the proceeds to the Roumanian Red Cross. The Queen graciously consented.

I trust this little volume of memoirs will serve to bring relief to many of the destitute of Roumania by replenishing the coffers of the Red Cross, and will also in some measure express the sincere admiration I feel for my friend Queen Marie, who, while every inch a Queen, is at the same time an outstanding personality.

C. L. M.

New York,

January 15, 1927.

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ON TOUR WITH QUEEN MARIE

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CHAPTER ONE

The Arrival

MONDAY, THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1926. Whistle of steamers, roar of guns in white smoke puffs against gray fog, voices cheering in a stinging rain. . . . The Queen of Roumania arrives!

The Mayor advances, his selected ladies attend, the officials follow to do homage, cavalry escorts her, sirens blow and cars plow the crowd massed since daylight, expectant and cheerful despite the rain and cold, watchful, wild for the sight of a long-heralded royal face and for a smile they have long anticipated. They catch sight of her, a fair woman stately in size, palpably delighted at a waited-for dream realized, charmed with everything, and not afraid to show it. Their cheers swell, their waving becomes frantic. She waves back, spreading smiles across the ranks as an ancient queen would have spread gold, lost to the pelt of rain and long ticker-streamers spilling across her car from high windows. The Queen of Roumania is in America!

The motor-cycle police and the appalling siren shrieks have heralded her swiftly through the dense

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lane of people; City Hall is reached, where is to be enacted the dignified stateliness of ceremonies welcoming a noted visitor of state to these shores. Committees mass, bands commence the national airs, formations begin, the clatter of cavalry is deadened behind swinging doors as the Queen advances down the long hall to be throned beneath the massed American and Roumanian flags above a dais, while those assembled hush breathlessly to catch the sound of her responsive words.

Her Majesty is taking the first steps on that trail which she is to blazon across a world new to her and new to the ancient Europe which she represents.

At this point I am so irresistibly reminded of another queen's "Royal Progress," as it was called in those days, that I cannot forbear a digression to recall to your mind a scene which every one of high-school age and over will doubtless remember. Not by actual vision's sight, not by the views, the smells, the sounds that imply participation, but by the magic of the printed word, by the unflagging zeal of a genius, the Wizard of the North, to the idea he had in mind to call up by his power the colorful, bloody days of medieval England in a tale of the cruel mistreatment of innocence at Kenilworth, that ruined castle set in the jewel-green of English lawns. I refer to the scenes of Queen Elizabeth's royal progress in a visit to her loyal peers, which centered at Kenilworth castle in Sir Walter Scott's book of that name.

The Arrival

All comparisons of queens aside, it is the scene alone that interests by its diversification and by its startling likeness in many places. This second arrival took place in the year 1575—three hundred and fifty-one years past in the history of civilization. A queen has graciously been pleased to let the light of her countenance shine on her favorites in their own homes instead of distantly at her palace. This high mark of honor is one most to be coveted, one to be provided for with due and elaborate preparations, weighty, symbolic, colossal. For weeks and months beforehand the noble houses to be so signally honored planned and schemed and labored with two parallel feelings, delighted pride at success and honest trepidation for fear of what may happen should those dearly worked-for plans fail. The wringing of housewives' hands that is known before every onslaught of guests so high and mighty as to carry an aura of fear, the careful feeling of every householder's purse that must bear the strain of fitting hospitality, rose in all those great castles that seethed to receive their queen. It was an age too of lighter spirits than ours, more tasteful, more wise in conceits of the fancy. In addition to the receptions and teas of our more meager imaginations, there were masques and revels devised to please the great lady, troupes of actors were employed for her delight, and there was the glowing pageantry of jousts and tilts and the endearing beauty of a scene where a Queen of Love and

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Beauty is chosen to the accompanying plaudits of royal hands.

Word of the Queen's slightest caprice in regard to plans is sent by runners on before, sparing neither horse nor man to set all the details right. Along her entire route the small householder, as well as the rich, has his provisions attached and portioned out to fill the hungry mouths of the royal train and the still hungrier ones of that mob of bedlam which tags on behind such a cavalcade, the hangers-on, the curiosity-mongers and the pleasure-seekers.

Can any one forget the crowded pages in *Kenilworth* that describe the very tone and color and living air of that motley crowd which thronged the road to Kenilworth to stare at a queen? Scott puts before one every class, every manner, every type, all their holiday spirits, all the haps and mishaps of human beings held in long wait for an anticipated event.

The throng and confusion was, however, of a gay and cheerful character. All came forth to see and to enjoy, and all laughed at the trifling inconveniences which at another time might have chafed their tempers . . . the mingled sounds which rose were those of mirth and tiptoe jollity . . . men laughed loud, and maidens giggled shrill; while many a broad jest flew like a shuttlecock from one party, to be caught in the air and returned from the opposite side of the road by another, at which it was aimed.

Those of us who watched the crowds attendant on Queen Marie's entrance into America in this



THE QUEEN'S WELCOME IN NEW YORK

The Arrival

year of our Lord 1926, will not need to have emphasized the apt description applying to another era: human beings remain too consistent. Here was the crowd, the word of arrival from announcing horns, the advance of a queen and her dignitaries, her gracious smiles, the same shouts and cheers prolonged; here were the same heartburnings among hosts and would-be hosts, the same anxiety and delight.

To-day what is the difference? Here on the edge of the twentieth century another queen "progresses" through a republican country. Again there is adulation, preparation, convocation. One might cynically say that the sole difference lay in that this modern queen rode on trains and motors instead of on horseback and that details were arranged by telegraph instead of by runners sent on before. But not at all. This was the adulation of courtesy before charm, not of the subservient knee before the divinity of kings.

CHAPTER TWO

Laying Plans

AS SCOTT has so graphically demonstrated in his pages of another day and another queen, an event so weighty as a royal visit, no matter what the period nor what the country, cannot take place and be sustained fittingly without the behind-the-door plans, the late-at-night schemes of those who devised the visit, those who issued the invitations, and those few harassed gentlemen who accepted the responsibility of the whole matter.

In early September of 1926 rumors began to float, first by tongue and then in the press, that the Queen of Roumania contemplated a visit to America. The quickly whipped-up excitement of the press created an instant demand for news of the truth. Her Majesty, so consistently a front-page subject all her life, was by no means unknown in this country. Her beauty, her war-time bravery, her fame as the mother of queens, had all been the basis from time to time of absorbing stories in our papers, and had thoroughly identified her in the consciousness of the people. Queen Marie was a character already fairly legendary when news came that she was to be seen in this country in the flesh, and she was, there-

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fore, a character more than usually exciting and expected. Feminists especially were delighted that one of their sex, whose wits had devised many a coup d'état, whose brains had thought out many a difficult problem for her people, who had used the gifts that had been given her to further every good purpose, was coming among them to be fittingly received and applauded. Men everywhere were interested in getting a glimpse of a woman famed already as the possessor of wonderful beauty and charm. People as a whole in this great republic were elated at the thought of the nearness of Royalty, that glamorous term so little understood here and, as a consequence, so very fascinating. Few queens had honored us with their presence. Princes of all nations and colors had considered it a part of their education to submit themselves to a "round" of American living, but queens . . . somehow it seemed proper that they should stay and guard the hearth-fires while their kings and sons flitted. The modest Queen of the Belgians had once come with her king for a brief visit, and years ago the dusky Hawaiian ruler had honored us, but there had been no others. The time could not have been better set.

A few words about the planners and the plans that brought the Queen will not come in amiss before the trip itself is described. Without them there would have been no trip.

First, Her Majesty herself. It had long been her dearest dream to make so "grand" a tour, to

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interest the New World in her country through herself. Long ago Her Majesty had discussed such dreams with my husband and myself when we visited her in her Cotroceni palace. Roumania needed, as she said later in this country, to be brought into the consciousness of the world, and then, as a reaction to that, to come into consciousness of itself as an identity among the nations of the world. To wake up nationally, as it were. She wanted her people's needs known to a country generous to the wants of others. In addition to all this there was the very human, womanlike desire to make the visit, to accept the hospitality of those many friends on this side who had long begged and pleaded with her to honor them. For Queen Marie of Roumania has here many staunch friends whom her charm and hospitality had captured and bound. They were delighted at the prospect of a visit from her. Nothing should stand in the way of its success.

This small group of loyal friends rehearsed faithfully the details of such a venture as a queen's trip through this democratic country. But the way was smoothed by the dedication and service of that group of friends of Her Majesty and of Roumania, that far-off country emerging into her "place in the sun" partly through the efforts of a clever woman who is at the same time queen.

Through the weeks preceding the Queen's arrival, we had numerous conferences when the thousand and one details of the trip were fully discussed and

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arranged. The world can only guess at the innumerable complexities involved in such arrangements, the schedules that were drawn up and torn up to save the feelings of all the hosts of people who sprang up over night with generous offers, as well as those with selfish demands upon the time of the Queen. All must be responded to in some manner. Telegrams, three and four pages long—from far-off mayors of little towns and big cities, with the lavish plans and details of their proffered entertainment—began to pour in, to conflict with one another, to trip up the committee who had in hand the business of making the schedules. The offers ranged from the most beautiful to the most absurd. Every organization wanted to be represented, every one begged for her presence, to be allowed to make gifts, to be of real service. The railroad schedules alone required a master mind to fathom. I look back on it now in complete amazement at the smooth working out of things. At the time I thought, how on earth can we fail to meet ourselves either coming or going! But we did not. The plans laid down were marvelously explicit and faithfully adhered to in spite of temptation and coercion.

At a final dinner the night before the expected arrival, some of Her Majesty's friends met to put the last touches on plans that all felt, from over-anxiety, were not perfectible. It was a group of interesting people around the table that pledged

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the success of the venture. Among them, and to figure largely in later events, was Mr. Sam Hill, perhaps our most romantic figure. Ruddy-faced and snowy-haired, broad and bluff—bordering on genius—he is the Dreamer of the Northwest. A man of great wealth, he had turned it like undammed water to sail the ships of his prodigal fancy; he had built roads like aerial imaginings up the steep heights of the Columbia River; he had put up a portal to commemorate the age-long peace between Canada and the United States; and now the dream of his heart was an art museum, the Mary-hill, named for his wife, which the Queen of Roumania was coming all the way to a new world to dedicate. His romantic, idealistic friendship for the far-off lady had commenced abroad years ago when he became interested in the cause of Roumanian charities. These two, the quixotic gentleman and the woman who was a queen, found a prairie fire of common interests spring up between them in the short while they knew each other. The friendship had continued through the years. Mr. Hill's devotion to the Queen's cause had kept him for years constantly pleading that she come to his country, partake of his air and mountains and plains and freedom, and crown the summit of his romantic career with her dedicatory touch.

Colonel John Carroll, who was to figure prominently in our later dramas, was present also that night. A gentleman much accustomed to public

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life, the railroads had thought him fitted to take charge of the trains, to represent them.

M. Radu Djuvara, the Roumanian chargé d'affaires, could not be present. He is typical of his nationality—dark, brilliant, imaginative; I have heard him play as prisoned Lucifer must have played when he dreamed of asphodels, and the next instant, whirling from the piano, he presented the finished scholar of diplomacy. At first a bit anxious, when he found his Queen was actually coming, he threw his whole heart into the project.

Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, with his dignified and aristocratic head, was not with us that night, but his devotion to the Queen made him play an important part in her visit to New York. He is President of the Friends of Roumania, through an interest in Her Majesty and things Roumanian acquired during the War. He is a delightful gentleman of the polished cultured school.

Miss Loie Fuller, who was keenly interested in this visit of the Queen to America, was present with us that night only in thought. To comprehend the friendship of Her Majesty with Miss Fuller needs better understanding of the character of Queen Marie. For truly she is a law unto herself. Before she was a queen she was born a human being with a pulse that beat fervently to Beauty. That in itself is a mainspring of character so great that it must be regarded as explanation for many of her friendships. Always she has fearlessly patronized

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the arts, that form of beauty which creates. She has discovered singers, writers, players of her own country, and if they can be so fortunate as to please her inner eye and ear, there is no limit to her interest. Twenty or more years ago she was not a queen but, one can imagine, a rather lonely princess laboring to adapt her personality to her position—a job that seems to take the best years of us all. Accustomed to the formalities of the old-style classic ballet, which has been poured into a mould and got thoroughly hardened, the rhythmic, pliant freedom of Loie Fuller's dances, then the last word in innovations, must have taken her beauty-seeking heart by storm. For her day and time these dances were a revelation. Miss Fuller conceived the idea of depicting, translating, emotions with the aid of colored lights on the fluent folds of shifting chiffons instead of with the stilted postures and muscular contortions of the old ballet. Her effects were dreamlike, ethereal, enchanting. So much of the sort has been done since that one can little realize the charm of it as first the young Princess did. She sent for the dancer, and a true friendship sprang up between them. Then during the late War, Loie Fuller it was who threw aside everything else personal, needs, duties and even the interests of self-protection, to fly to the side of the Queen who was then besieged on all sides by her enemies. Such a thing as that cannot be forgotten. It was the Queen's wish that Miss Fuller's performances should

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be given during her American tour and as an act of friendship Miss Fuller helped with others to make the Queen's trip a reality. She has the mind of a Brigadier-General. Owing to recent ill health, she keeps her bed frequently and one is ushered into the presence of a scarfed and wrapped little Buddha-like figure propped up in bed, whose pointing finger says, "Go—Come—Do—Don't" with an uncanny insight of the whole. Sheets of letters in the Queen's familiar handwriting were in evidence whenever I called.

These were some of the friends who overcame the difficulties, smoothed the way and laid the trail of travel for Queen Marie.

CHAPTER THREE

The Freedom of the City—And Washington

THE MORNING of the Queen's expected arrival found me in a mad rush. We had been up late the night before, talking, planning, discussing; and I had slept ill on account of the ceaseless buzzing of ideas and hints in my mind about the entertainment I was planning for Princess Ileana, which seemed to be gathering in size and detail as the days passed like a snowball enlarging as it rolled. Nevertheless, on the morning in question the secretaries who were helping me to carry out my plans found me up and dressed in street clothes and hat and already breakfasted when they arrived early to get my hurried last-minute instructions. We were to leave for Washington that day and I would not see them again until my return. The scene in my room cannot well be described; even as phrases form I remember something else that arose to break up whatever I have in mind to tell about. My maid was following me about on her knees to get my slippers fastened, another was madly searching my bags for a needed address, the secretaries were dashing around me with papers

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wildly waving . . . "Mrs. Morris, where did you say I could reach Mrs. B——?" . . . "Mrs. Morris, how many tickets? . . ." "Madame, hold still!" "Lily!!" thundered from my husband in the hall. "You have twenty minutes! The boat is in! You *cannot* be late! You *must* not! . . ." My maid finally, in hysteria, "Madame, I resign! I go back to Paris! Right now! . . ." And then as I dashed past, the frantic cry of one of the girls, "*Mrs. Morris!* You have no blouse on!"

I looked down. It was true! "Oh," I cried, "don't stop me now! It's too late!" And out I went!

So it was that I met Her Majesty, without a blouse and half my wits, buttoning my coat up high and my fur scarf up higher, trying desperately to appear to the public as though I were fully clothed and in my right mind.

To return to the scene of the Queen's arrival, where I left her receiving the thousand cheers and greetings that welcomed her to City Hall, New York.

She stood, at that moment in the morning of October 18, a most colorful and exhilarating figure against the dark recesses of old City Hall, joyous, alight, admired and admiring. The Queen's beauty may be described as every inch queenly; her stateliness is imposing, and her fair coloring, on that dark day in particular, enhanced by the rich and sober shades of winter clothes, had a shining qual-

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ity. Her smile was on this day of her arrival certainly the complete signature of a thrill. We all felt it. If one hadn't it in oneself, it was caught by contagion from the crowd assembled and from the hearty good-will and excitement in the faces of all the dignitaries who surrounded her.

The official announcer had called her name in loud and awesome tones, the Roumanian chargé d'affaires, M. Djuvara, had preceded her with our Assistant-Secretary of State, Mr. J. Butler Wright, my husband and others of the official hosts, and now, under the flags that swayed in folds of red and blue and yellow in the light, and to the airs of martial music, she stood, a very radiant figure, and returned America's smiles.

Our slim and smart-looking young Mayor, Jimmy Walker, completely at home in the situation, summed up for us all, I believe, in that moment, our sentiments, when he gracefully proffered her the old-time honor of the city's freedom.

As he spoke, my companion, Mrs. Haskell, wife of Colonel Haskell, one of the Committee, and I sat down in front and studied the scene before us. The Queen held a great armful of American Beauties, and I must say they became her and her costume of deep claret-colored velvet bordered with sable, and the sharp metallic glister of her draped golden turban. She listened with the deepest attention, but occasionally her charmed eye would wander over this exciting scene. Her two children

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who attended her on the trip, Prince Nicholas, her second son, and young Princess Ileana, her "baby," stood back of her and seemed fairly dazed by their tremendous ovation. They are such young and charming people, so unspoiled, so untouched yet by the hardness of high position. I may honestly say that Ileana is one of the most beloved young girls of my acquaintance. Further companionship with her, throughout the trip we were to take together, only increased my first opinion. The photographs of the two are probably as familiar to the public as are their own faces in the mirror, but after all a photograph does not color, and on this first American morning of theirs Princess Ileana's hair looked blacker than ever in the artificial light and her eyes almost as dark, though they are in reality a clear and grayish blue. She wore a squirrel coat, soft pale gray, and carried the flowers of girlhood, pink buds. Prince Nicholas' likable face is as fair as his mother's, though so unlike, the pastel shades of a blonde deepened in a man to a ruddy coloring under light hair and eyes. His eyes held a glimmer of amusement as well as interest.

I saw my old friend Mme. Procopiu, the Queen's lady-in-waiting, who had come to us when my husband was Minister to Sweden and she was fleeing with her children from a besieged city. Her fine dark face brought up many memories of perilous days and moments of intimacy when our hearts rocked at every word of news. I would be happy

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to talk with her again. I saw too Mme. Lahovary, another lady-in-waiting, whom I had known at Cotroceni. Three gentlemen were in the group that followed the Queen, whom I did not know then but was to know well later. I found afterward that they were M. Laptew, Professor Petrescu and Colonel Athanasesco. Representatives of the women's organizations were massed on the platform among the numberless ones who formed the official committees. On all the faces there was the eagerness of attention.

It was during the Mayor's speech of welcome that I was obliged to slip out and make my way to the Washington train which left at twelve noon, since I had been too rushed to find out whether I had been assigned accommodations on the Royal Train. Colonel Haskell insisted that I take his army car to Pennsylvania Station since it had the right of way through the crowds. I had only half an hour to make the considerable distance. It was raining in a gray drizzle, but when I came out into the street I found the cavalry and infantry formed into a hollow square and thousands of people still waiting in a solid mass entirely filling the space around and beyond City Hall. The loud speakers protruding from every corner repeated the Mayor's speech as distinctly as one could hear it within.

When I got to the station the royal party, I was told, were just arriving. It was a miracle to me how they did it almost as soon as I did, as the

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Queen's speech followed the Mayor's. I read it eagerly a few hours later when the papers appeared on the train.

The royal train pulled out ahead of the one on which I was. It delayed our arrival in Washington to five o'clock, since it had right of way and sped on unimpeded. My husband was with the Queen and said that she seemed elated beyond words, just sat and beamed.

When I arrived in Washington I found it difficult to get a taxi, every one, they said, had been taken by people following the royal party. It was getting late, and still in my blouseless condition, I began to look forward to being fully clothed again and on time for whatever was scheduled. At last I managed to get my maid and bags and myself stowed in a car and started toward the Wardman Park Hotel where arrangements had been made for us, but again we were delayed by the royal procession coming down Massachusetts Avenue, a troop of cavalry galloping ahead and effectively clearing the way. The masses of human beings who lined the streets and hurrahd were kept in beautiful order by Washington's efficient police. It was growing dark as the procession dashed through the streets bound for the Roumanian Legation. It was a beautiful sight in the gray dusk of that lovely white city so used to like demonstrations throughout the years. One wonders where all the acclaiming shouts of

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greeting the old city has listened to have gone. In some never-never land they must be making an awful din, all bottled up together.

Upon my arrival at the hotel I found that Mr. Morris's valet had got there with all the extra luggage, and I was told to hurry into an evening gown as the initial dinner to be given at the Roumanian Legation was to be promptly at seven o'clock. I began the second of my wild and hurried toilettes that were to become a habit before the Queen's visit was over.

Only those intimately connected with the royal party and representatives of the Army and Navy were invited to that evening's dinner. The British chargé d'affaires represented Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador, who was away at the time. On account of the Queen being an English Princess by birth, the British Embassy was represented. M. Djuvara seemed quite elated as his guests arrived, and the event was successful in every way, official and yet at the same time attractively informal. When all were gathered in the drawing-room Her Majesty was announced. She entered, brilliant in Nile-green velvet and rhinestone embroidery, followed by her children, and proceeded at once to greet each person individually. We were arranged in a semicircle, as is customary on these occasions, in the order of our importance. The Queen seemed pleased to see me and greeted me with much cordiality. It was the first time we had met face to face

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in America. This reception briefly over, we proceeded with our dinner partners into the dining-room. The sight was a gay and festive one, the gorgeous gowns and bright lights, shining with silver and glass and the deep enrichment of red roses. The Queen occupied a throne chair, M. Djuvara at her left, and Mr. Butler Wright to her right.

I had a most delightful time at that dinner. I was seated between Admiral Long and Colonel Poillon, the latter at one time military attaché in Roumania. The talk was delightful, and all seemed buoyed up by the happy arrival.

In the drawing-room again, the Queen held an informal reception and conversation was general.

Mrs. Haskell, with whom I went to City Hall in New York, begged me to arrange for the Prince and Princess to go to West Point the following Saturday to the weekly "hop" where she assured me they would have the "time of their young lives." I knew that they would, and liked the idea extremely, though I was at a loss exactly how to go about it. All arrangements had been so carefully made for every hour. Just then the Princess came up to me and, putting her arms around me, thanked me glowingly for the entertainment which she had been told I was arranging in her honor in New York. She said she was so very grateful and felt sure it would be a success. At some of the details, as I repeated them to her, she clapped her hands in delight. One would not find a sweeter young girl in many a day,

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spontaneous, free, generous, and a picture of health and beauty that night in shining white. I was pledged to her at once, and told her I would do whatever I could for her and she should call on me any time. Then I brought up the subject of the West Point project. No fêted young girl in an American home could have been more thrilled with the idea. "Oh," she cried, "I would love to go! Ask Mummy! But of course we must take Miss Marr." Miss Marr, by the way, is her lady-in-waiting, and has been so long with the Princess she calls her "my child." The Prince happening to come up at that moment, I broached the subject to him. He too became quite enthusiastic, and immediately I was their accomplice. I could not bear the thought of the two young people standing wearily through the long and ceremonial occasion that their mother was to attend that Saturday evening. I went to Her Majesty at once. She started to talk with me about my proposed entertainment for the Princess and seemed very pleased over the thought. I said I hoped she too would honor us with her presence on that occasion, but she very graciously felt that this event was especially for the young girl and that the Princess should be the center of attraction. I then very diffidently approached the subject of the West Point project for the two "children" as we called them, conscious all the time that not far off two anxious pairs of ears were listening for the outcome. By this time both had come up and were

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pleading to go. The Queen was sympathetic at once and said she thought the idea delightful, but how could it be arranged as that was the night of the Sulgrave dinner and she did not wish to offend the Committee who had gone to so much trouble. I said I thought my husband could arrange that, and brought in some good arguments about how much it would mean to the West Pointers and to the Prince and Princess to attend one of our famed military balls. So it was finally decided that, with the consent of the Committee, they would be excused from the dinner to go to West Point. There was a great dancing around after that, you may be sure, and two pairs of bright and anticipatory eyes . . . the girl's, if anything, brighter, naturally!

That very pleasant high-hearted evening ended at about ten o'clock, when the Queen rose, and saying 'Good night' to all, left the room for what we knew was a well-needed rest.

Tuesday, October 19.

At ten o'clock A.M. we left the Roumanian Legation for Arlington in the regular Lincoln cars, waiting spick and span at every occasion. The Queen looked particularly lovely that morning to match the fresh, sunny day. Her tan felt sports hat was especially becoming with a tan gown and a magnificent sable scarf which she took off before entering the open car and replaced with a heavy beaver coat. There was a brisk breeze to hearten us as we sped

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on, gay and happy, in a long procession through Washington's marvelous streets and out into the sloping gracious country around Arlington Cemetery. This stately burying-ground impressed me immensely. It was the first time I had been there, and the whole thing affected me tremendously. Not the usual gloomy attributes that throng even mentally the homes of the dead, but with a peculiar delight at the calmness, the stateliness, that can surround such a habitation, the entire absence of distaste that one feels in so hallowed a ground. I thought too of the vicissitudes of war that had filled these once carefree pleasure grounds of the Southern leader with the bodies of the men he had fought against, that the calm Virginia airs and blue skies he once so loved now lapped them round eternally. Somehow I felt a grievance that the United States should have confiscated his estates for just these purposes, until I remembered the little old Southern lady who had once snorted at me on the subject, "Indeed not! I think it perfectly fitting that General Lee's enemies should be buried in his backyard!"

But we had now wound through the grounds to the front. The Queen dismounted from her car at the avenue that leads to where the Unknown Soldier lies in solitary peace. I say solitary, but it is not so. Living lads march back and forth, back and forth, to keep him company, to honor the one whom we cannot honor by name. The representa-

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tives of the Army and Navy and the State Department and her own suite followed the Queen as she moved to where the beautiful tomb overlooks the magnificent vista of river and city beyond in the perspective of a dream. She stood for a moment in silence. Then she made the sign of the Cross and laid a wreath in the Roumanian colors on his stone. The military bands softly played the national anthems, and officers saluted.

In the meantime the motion picture people were there with their complete disrespect of time and place, and were taking advantage of this opportunity. The solemnity broke up and diffused, but the memory of it will remain.

We left the cemetery for the lovely country roads of Virginia, passing many Negro cabins and little piccaninnies, to the Queen's delight, and arrived about twelve o'clock at Mount Vernon where the Daughters of the American Revolution, who now have the custody of the national shrine, had prepared a reception for the Queen. A few dear old ladies and many of the younger members had come from distant states to greet the Queen and offer her the hospitality of the stately old house. Here was a wonderful introduction indeed to the heart of America, this fine simplicity of our older days that testified all is not modern and crass in our civilization. The Queen seemed to appreciate it all highly as the host escorted her around the house and called her attention to the mementos of Revolu-

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tionary days. We were taken through the beauties, so clipped and formal, of the gardens, the boxwood maze and the primly laid out paths that lead down to the tomb of Washington. We stopped, and Her Majesty with fitting ceremony laid a wreath there. The sun was in splendor, the air had a specially golden quality that exhilarated with the final promises of Indian summer. The lovely grounds looked their best in the foreigners' honor that day and made the desired impression as we passed through them again in returning to the house where luncheon was served in the famous old dining-hall of another as stately a day. We were seated at round tables and it was a most cheerful function despite the absence of stimulating drinks. After the lunch the Queen sat in the hall and spoke to a number of the ladies who surrounded her.

The usual attending crowd was with us, of course, and were pushing so eagerly forward against the doors leading into the hall that the vigilance of the police was required to hold them back. Mr. Kenyon, the man appointed to be responsible for Her Majesty's safety during her visit, was on the spot and doing such efficient work that he even arrested me that day in the garden! He apologized profusely afterwards, but I was only glad to see such fine attention to the Queen.

We were once again at the Lincoln Memorial at 3.30, after a heavenly drive through the Virginia and Maryland hills, and we drew up to allow the Queen

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one of the rarest visions in the New World before we turned back toward the Roumanian Legation.

When I came in there a bit later I found Colonel Carroll sitting in the hall and leaning very moodily on his cane. I asked him what on earth was the matter and he complained that he had come to speak with Her Majesty about the railroad arrangements for her journey and that he couldn't get to her. I hastened up at once to Mme. Procopiu, my ready help in time of trouble, presented the Colonel to her, and an appointment was made for that evening when matters could be discussed. How like a man not to guess that a queen would be getting ready in fine feather for her visit to the executives of another nation! She told me later that she was received most cordially by the President and Mrs. Coolidge and within an hour the call was returned with the quaint formality imposed upon occasions of state, prior to the formal dinner given in the visiting Queen's honor that night.

The dinner at the White House followed the plan of all state dinners of the present administration. It was a dignified banquet of twelve courses, well served and well appointed. The omission of wine, and the old time Negro servants of the South, gave Queen Marie a real picture of American life in high places. The seating of the dinner guests was strictly American in plan. The Marine Band played during the assembling of the guests in the Blue Room which the Queen entered just before

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eight o'clock. All guests were presented by name to Her Majesty before the entrance of President and Mrs. Coolidge. The President at once offered his arm to the Queen and led the way to the state dining-room. Mrs. Coolidge brought up the rear with the youthful Prince Nicholas, while the Vice-President, Mr. Dawes, escorted Princess Ileana to the table. This dignified old mansion presented a beautiful spectacle that evening, embellished with masses of the flowers and palms for which the White House conservatories are famous. In all my travels I have never seen a building whose proportions satisfied me as does this stately home of our Presidents, so full of mementos of American history. The Queen was much impressed, as she told me later. She wore a gown of white velvet with a long train, the famous pearls that had been described many times and a diamond tiara; also jeweled decorations as well as rings and bracelets of diamonds. The guests included the royal party, members of the Cabinet, and their wives, and a few other distinguished members of Washington society. The complete gold service was used that evening with the heavy candelabra which were filled with tall gold-colored candles placed on a magnificent mirror which reflected the lights and the gold bowls filled with pink roses and blue delphinium. It was a superb decoration. The dignified proportions of the dining-room, as well as the very impressive architecture of the high-ceilinged reception-rooms, at-

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tracted the Queen's attention. Hanging over the mantel, directly opposite Mrs. Coolidge's chair at the dining table, is the attractive picture of the President which has recently been painted by Lárzló. The dinner was a most fitting and representative affair, and added its happy quota to the friendliness of nations.

I left that night for New York in Colonel Carroll's private car. He told me that his interview had been most satisfactory, that all plans were approved, and that he would proceed at once with arrangements to start on the journey from New York on Sunday, October 24.

CHAPTER FOUR

A Dinner Party and the Philadelphia Trip

OUR EARLY ARRIVAL in New York was none too early for me with the thousand and one details of my entertainment looming larger. My only view of the Queen's activities during the day was a later motion picture showing the Queen arriving at the Naval Academy at Annapolis and being escorted by Admiral Nulton to the reviewing stand, also the beautiful massed formation of Annapolis midshipmen taking the pouring rain without the bat of an eyelash while they drilled and maneuvered like automatic machines for Her Majesty's eye . . . and, I dare say, more expressly for that of a Princess!

In Baltimore she was greeted with as elaborate a spectacle as this country has ever shown for a royal visitor. The clouds parted for the entrancing scene of girl children bordering a long path for the Queen to walk through over the flowers that they scattered. In much of the Queen's entertainment an opulent display was made, which, while flattering, seemed to many entirely out of place and unnecessary to express a simple friendliness; but in

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this instance the old-world formality of the scene had in it all the charm of an earlier day.

The Friends of Roumania, an organization of loyal supporters of that country and always in close touch with the Queen, were to entertain her at a huge reception on this evening, and excitement and interest were high. The Queen dined quietly in her Ambassador Hotel suite beforehand. I had inspected the apartment before her arrival, a most attractive place, specially done for her and occupying nearly all of the fourth floor. Mr. William Nelson Cromwell is President of The Friends of Roumania, and his fine taste was evidenced in the ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton which positively glowed in the ornate decorations of oak leaves, chrysanthemums and flags. We had a queen from a medieval legend that night. As she did for her own coronation ceremonies, she emphasized the barbaric splendors of the Middle Ages of Roumania to-night. She was startling. Her gown was black with diamante sequins. From her shoulders hung a brocaded green and gold shawl shifting in iridescent light as she moved in stately splendor under a crown of diamonds studded with sapphires, set above a medieval cap effect of pearls fitted close to the face and finished with hanging bands of pearls. Strings of them hung to her waist. There was a heavy chain of diamonds also, broken at intervals with squares of massive design. From this chain was suspended an unbelievable egg-shaped sapphire, one of the

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largest, it is said, in the world. This stiff Gothic figure moved with the creak and swing of jewels to an erected throne and received for more than an hour with all the aplomb and finesse that only a modern woman can assemble. The Princess, a girlish figure in white and silver beside her mother's effulgence, and Prince Nicholas received with her. There was a gay ball later and a supper later still. The Queen retired from it at one o'clock, but the ball had too much momentum to stop until the early hours. Home for me, very tired but pleasantly so.

Thursday, October 21.

In spite of the fatiguing reception of the night before, Queen Marie awoke before seven o'clock and drank tea with her children in the royal suite at the Ambassador. At eight o'clock breakfast was served, consisting of fresh assorted fruits, mushroom omelet, cold ham, tea and hot rolls. When she descended to enter her car at 10.15 she was dressed in a moleskin coat trimmed with fox and brightened with a huge yellow orchid. She wore a tight-fitting beige felt hat and snake skin pumps. Her dress was a beige velvet embroidered with delicate gold lace. Around her neck she wore three brilliant ropes of pearls. Her vivid coloring and fine features were very striking. This morning the Queen was busy with sightseeing. She was front-page material, the Morning Star of the moment to

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fickle reporters, who must say enough to be spread, however thin, over reams of virgin paper.

Accompanied by Mr. Cromwell, she left the Ambassador for the Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and incidentally had her first glimpse of Fifth Avenue aflutter with American and Roumanian flags in the sunshine of a crisp autumn day. Eager crowds waiting in front of the Library and on the sidewalks across the Avenue greeted her with cheers and hand-clapping as she entered and left the building. She was accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting, Mr. and Mrs. Tileston Wells, the Roumanian consul-general in New York, and Colonel George C. Treadwell, of the New York National Guard, specially designated by Governor Smith as the Queen's aide.

At the Library building the Queen was met by Lewis Cass Ledyard, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Frank L. Polk, Secretary of the Board, and E. H. Andrews, Director of the Library.

The Queen was especially interested in the unique Library for the Blind comprising fifteen thousand volumes. She found several texts in Roumanian, and was much interested in the five thousand musical scores in raised print which are included in this library. She stopped to chat with a young man who, although blind, is a graduate of Columbia University and a frequent visitor here. Mr. Cromwell responded to her interest in this branch, hav-

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ing done so much work for the blind during the War. The royal visitor later proceeded through the reading-rooms where a hundred men and women rose as she came in; she nodded and smiled right and left. The visit caused more excitement than the Public Library has known for years. As she reached the top of the Fifth Avenue steps, she faced more than a thousand persons crowded below her. Some had perched precariously on the granite lions. Others stood on the railings. Her Majesty smiled with pleasure and walked down slowly to her automobile.

Her Majesty was greatly impressed by her inspection of the building, with its imposing façade on Fifth Avenue, along which the royal procession advanced with great rapidity and most unceremoniously after leaving the Library. The progress of the royal party in these days surely lacks the dignity of the progress of Elizabeth referred to before. Then followed a luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce. It was the first time in the one hundred and fifty-eight years of the existence of this distinguished organization that a woman had been so honored. The Queen confessed in a clever speech to a feeling of great awe in being the sole recipient of that honor. A tremendous demonstration was given her by the gathering which was attended by many of the leading business men, lawyers and financiers of New York. The attendance was larger than at any meeting ever held by the Chamber except its reception to

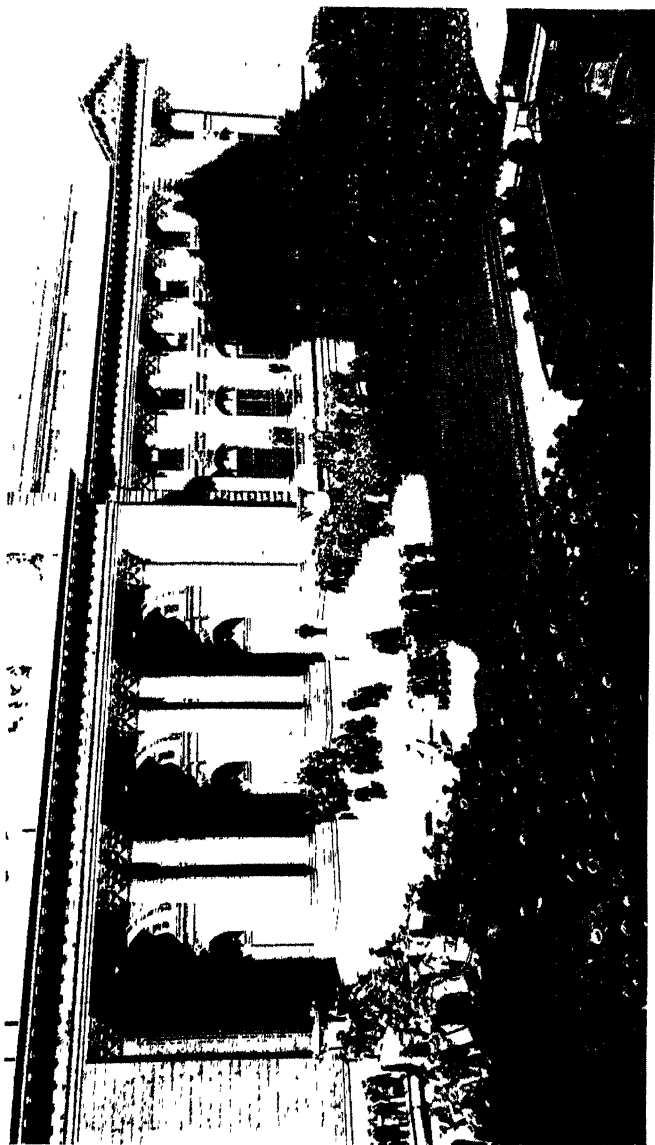
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the Prince of Wales. The Queen was picturesquely garbed. She wore a picture hat of black and light brown velvet with a brim of modest width. From one side trailed an abundance of long tan willow plumes, an effect wholly different from the prevailing mode. "Critics, however, conceded the Queen the prerogative of making fashions instead of borrowing them." The picture hat, it was alleged, went out when the bob came in. The Queen's dress was tan and gold brocaded velvet. Fashion experts also noted with alarm that Her Majesty carried a large sable muff and walked with both hands thrust in it. The muff has been passé for some years, but to-day its return to favor was predicted. The Princess wore a small scarlet high-crowned hat with a dress of dark blue crêpe. Prince Nicholas wore afternoon dress. The Queen's speech was broadcasted and was her second radio effort. She said she was overwhelmed at this reception by men who are the backbone of the country and who had given up their busy hours to receive her, a woman, in their midst. "It almost seems to me," she said, "that it is too much honor to confer on one who after all is not a man. But I cannot help expressing the extreme honor I feel and the degree of emotion which fills me at the thought that such a reception is being given." She then went on to say that the King himself, as well as her whole country, trusted her to come over the seas to see America, knowing that the link of friendship and of the

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personal touch is stronger than any other link. She alluded to the reputation of honor on which our commerce is based. "The basis of all civilizations," she said, "is exchange. Countries can only live if they are in close touch with each other. . . . It is, therefore," she continued, "looking at you all, that I hope you will really feel, also, when I am gone, the sympathy for my country which I have come to try to create. I am afraid that facing so many men makes me feel how very much of a woman I am, and how really nothing, to stand before you representing a country which really the King would love to come and represent. . . . I hope," she concluded, "that I will be allowed to tell my people how I have been able to make you love my country through me." The President of the Chamber of Commerce, introducing the Queen, stated in a very friendly speech that the relations between the United States and Roumania are on a most cordial basis and that Her Majesty's visit, he felt, would help to bind that friendship and surely must lead to a closer industrial and financial relationship. He hoped that in her travels she would study the American people and be able to make a favorable report on them to her people upon her return to Roumania. All of the royal guests seemed to relish the delicious viands, and at the end of the luncheon the Queen and Prince Nicholas lighted cigarettes.

After the luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce



QUEEN MARIE'S VISIT TO THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

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the Queen and her suite went at once to the B. & O. station to leave for Philadelphia. Not being with them at the lunch, I became involved at home in the myriad inquiries of the girls looking after the details of my entertainment in honor of Princess Ileana; the telephone calls of friends and tradesmen about it, and the poor neglected guests in my apartment at the time. People kept telling me that I had at least time enough to swallow a cup of coffee, and that cup of coffee, taken standing, was my undoing. I reached the station only to find that I had committed an irreparable faux pas. I had missed a Royal Train! There it steamed ahead of me out of sight without a backward glance, while I stood and wrung my hands and tried to blame it on everybody else in the world. My bags were on, I knew (as well as my frantic husband), and there was nothing to do but follow as soon as possible and at least get there to explain. I took the next train and found, as often happens, that I had saved my own day. There was a speech that had to be prepared for my entertainment, between then and Saturday morning. This was Thursday, and Friday from morning till night was full! In my rush I had not before faced the fact; then it occurred to me that it was now or never. I got hold of pencil and paper and to the lulling of wheel screams I composed my speech which would never on earth have been written had I not made my fatal mistake.

But on my arrival in Philadelphia I began to

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think that it might prove fatal after all. There was not a sign of the royal party about the station, duties and activities going on exactly as usual, so I could tell that they had got in some time before me. I had not even an idea what the plans were for the day, or at least, no idea of their arrangement, as I did know that the Sesqui-Centennial was to be the main feature. I rushed up to a porter. "Do you know where the Queen is?" I demanded breathlessly. He dropped my bags to scratch his head, gazed phlegmatically around the rotunda and finally got out, "How should I know?"

This was terrible. The bystanders looked as blank as he did, so there was nothing to do but get in a cab and make for what I considered my best bet, the Exposition grounds. It was far out there and I sat on the edge of the seat and tried to hurry things up by being perfectly miserable. I sprang out when we reached the entrance. "Where is the Queen?" I demanded of a big broad-looking individual guarding the gate. "The Queen? . . ." He stared. "What Queen? . . ."

I flew past him to a policeman. "Oh," I wailed, "will you tell me where the Queen is?" He straightened up righteously in his blue and brass buttons. "How should I know?" he asked judiciously and stared past his nose.

Some one volunteered that she was not to be there until midnight. And then I knew that everybody was crazy. "Well," I said helplessly, "I

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guess I'd better go to the hotel." The big policeman sniffed at me suspiciously. "Yes," he said, "I think you better had."

I got into a cab, started to speak to the waiting driver, and caught myself up in midair. I had no earthly idea what hotel! I was leaving all that to my husband who dotes on schedules and I had not even thought to inquire. Now I *was* lost. My maid volunteered to the driver, "Ze best hotel in town," and with that to go on he started off. And every second the skies were getting darker! I had no idea what I was expected to attend, nor, for that matter, where I was to attend it!

A confused mob of people, policemen and men in extraordinary Revolutionary costumes, pushing, hustling, peering, outside the Bellevue-Stratford, stopped me there. Anybody that wanted to could get in, it seemed, and at last I discovered people who had at least heard of Her Majesty, which did a great deal toward making me feel a bit more stable. She was on the seventh floor, I was told, and no one stopped my going up. If I had been bent on some nefarious mission I might have had a good opportunity that day to do my worst. I found the seventh floor looking as excited and lost as I felt. The Committee and the suite were flying around in confusion, trying to locate quarters and luggage. My husband, "poor wretch," fell back at the sight of me. Since I hadn't appeared at the train, he thought I had decided not to come and

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had left my bags on the special train at the station! I fell into a chair, gasping weakly.

Somehow, someway, in the few moments that were left me, I managed to furbish up the one extra gown I had into doing evening duty, but poor Prince Nicholas was not so fortunate. Like Tresillion, in *Kenilworth*, who infuriated Queen Elizabeth by appearing before her in his undress clothes because in the hurry and confusion of her arrival his things had been misplaced, he too was luggageless, but he didn't brave his royal mother's displeasure by appearing at all. I suspect, on the whole, he was charmed with the rest. It was the Committee's first experience in transporting the baggage, and I trust things will be better handled in the future.

I learned later that upon the arrival of the royal party they had proceeded at once to the Roumanian church for an impressive religious ceremony. This is a small wooden edifice in the heart of the poorer section but the ardor of the priests and congregation makes up for all. Always it is the intention of the Roumanian Queen to pay this first attention to the people of her own country.

That evening, just as I dashed into my clothes, the dinner of the Mayor of Philadelphia and the Philadelphia Committee began. It was given in the hotel, fortunately for me, and all the social set of the old city were there in their finery. The Queen evidently delighted them in cerise velvet and an ermine cape hanging from her shoulders. My friend,

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former Ambassador Moore, was quite active in arranging everything. I saw Mrs. Edward Stotesbury looking resplendent as usual. The Mayor, Mr. W. Freeland Kendrick, at the Queen's right, is a dapper young man who enunciated his speech, sentence by sentence, with the greatest precision. But since we were scheduled to go from there to the Exposition grounds, he left only time for Her Majesty to respond with thanks.

We then proceeded rather unceremoniously through the crowds in the hall of the hotel. We found the same Revolutionary costumes worn by the cavalry outside that cleared our path with difficulty, for there was the greatest confusion in the streets. By slow stages, despite vigilant police and siren whistles with their ungodly menace, we sped on to the Exposition, the scene of my afternoon fiasco. We entered the grounds, passing under the huge Liberty Bell brilliantly illuminated, and arrived at the enormous auditorium where we were ushered to a royal box hung in gold brocade and spreading flags very honorably but most unfortunately placed at a spot in the enormous stadium where absolutely nothing could be seen. This had to be remedied and more time was lost. The players, the Philadelphia Symphony, were in fine form. Their classical numbers alternated with dances in which Loie Fuller's school of girls entertained us. The Queen, with that generosity which I have mentioned and tried to explain, had expressed a wish

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to the committee in Philadelphia that she might show in this form her approval of Miss Fuller's work and art. The dancers seemed rather quaint and old-fashioned in this day of jazz and I could not help but wonder what Miss Fuller and the Queen would think of "Black Bottom." I was rather glad to be spared a sight of them faced with it!

At the program's ending, midnight found us dashing belatedly around the bare, unfinished splendor of Philadelphia's costly "Folly." Judging from the outside it looked extremely interesting. We stood huddled in wraps and yawns inside the Art Building and all agreed that it was an exhibition of which any city might be proud. After this hasty survey we sped to the station at breakneck speed through the muffled, silent streets. It was my first experience in following in the train of royalty, or on the royal train (and missing it!), and if this is to continue I shall have to take a course in nerve training or end in a sanitarium when the visit is over. We reached the station alive and as the train pulled out at one o'clock I sat down to collect my thoughts and record the day.

Friday, October 22.

Upon our arrival at Jersey City at the terminal of the B. & O., we were taken across on the ferry. The royal party went direct to the Ambassador Hotel where numerous conferences were awaiting

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the Queen. Later she attended a luncheon at the Bankers' Club of New York. The business men of New York, hearing of her avowed intention of learning from us our methods and plans for use in the rehabilitation of her own war-ridden country, have been, it seems to me, extremely kind about showing her every attention. Several men of prominence in business circles spoke to me afterward about the impression of brilliance the Queen made on the men there assembled. Beauty like hers adds, of course, to the fascination.

This luncheon was tendered the Queen by Major Radu Irimescu, New York representative of the Banque Chrissoveloni. It took more than one hundred policemen to handle the crowd gathered around the Equitable Building for a glimpse of the Queen as she entered. Her speech on that occasion was so convincing that the hard-headed business men of New York, who previously had doubts as to the purpose of her visit, became her abject admirers and went away sincerely convinced that her purpose was not to raise money but to further the cause of her own country. She spoke first about the great honors which the people of America were conferring upon her in so many ways; that she had always been placed in a position where she had to do a great deal; that when she started out in life she had the idea that she wanted to be happy; but as she grew older she realized that happiness consists in "doing what we can and doing it with all our hearts." She

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spoke about her experiences as a young woman in being taught to do the things that she did not want to do, and then went on to relate her experiences during the Great War and why she believed in the Allies' cause. She said the King was a man of great sympathy and understanding; that during the War he had to make many sacrifices; that they made many mistakes, but mistakes are stepping-stones to something better. For years she had dreamed of coming to this country as she felt a sympathy with America, the sympathy which lies at the root of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that, therefore, she asked the consent of the King for three months' holiday. "Many," she said, "will ask the reason why I have come. I have come to ask for your love, your friendship, and your understanding. Other than that I have not come to ask for anything from America. And one day when I am no longer here with that personal touch, I wish that you will say that I came to ask for nothing but friendship and understanding."

The Queen's speech was followed by that of Major Irimescu who spoke of the great wealth of the United States and our tremendous resources, and that the gentlemen assembled at that luncheon, members of the leading banking institutions of New York, represented a fund amounting to over seven billion dollars. He said the debt of Roumania, as at present defined, amounts to about three hundred and forty-two million dollars, which, he said,

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equaled one-fourth of the resources of one outstanding national bank of New York, a distinguished officer of which was present that day; and he expressed a wish for the continuous prosperity and progress of the United States of America for its own welfare and that of the entire civilized world. After this luncheon the Queen was escorted on to the roof of this gigantic building, the Equitable, and the view which met her eye is best described in her own reactions which I quote from her journal.

“Stupendous, over-big, over-noisy, over-busy; no time to think, confusing, stimulating, disconcerting; no poetry, no peace, no atmosphere—but yes, stimulating—astonishingly, pricklingly, vigorously stimulating—overwhelming—and then, always again the expression of STUPENDOUS, for those who liked it least conceded that New York is stupendous. . . . The skyscrapers, which we had seen from afar, growing up toward the skies like fantastic monuments from the time of the Pharaohs, were infinitely more gigantic when seen near at hand. Certainly New York was surprising, although I had heard many descriptions of it; it was larger than I had imagined, darker, more imposing, more mighty, and I may say, sterner, but certainly not disappointing. . . . From the fortieth story . . . I had my first look down upon New York from a height. It certainly was an astonishing sight and some one there, I can not remember who, told me that every sort of bird, even birds with beautiful plumages, nestled

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among these colossal brick and stone monsters, seeming to find them entirely to their taste—birds which came God knows whence and God knows why. The people beneath looked like moving ants and I realized that I was looking down upon a picture that I would certainly never see in Europe. . . . It is all bewildering to the European mind—that strange mixture of freedom and order. The people have curious rights, yet they respect authority.”

In the afternoon there were exercises at Columbia University. A formal reception took place in the rotunda of the University Library, and later the Queen inspected parts of the campus.

That afternoon also the Queen and the Princess attended a reception in their honor at the Young Women's Christian Association on Lexington Avenue, and at seven o'clock in the evening Her Majesty was the guest of the Iron and Steel Institute at the Hotel Commodore. She was to have spoken over the radio that evening, but owing to some misunderstanding this speech did not take place.

At the Iron and Steel Institute dinner one thousand guests, among them the kings of industry, fêted Queen Marie to-night. Most of those present were men. The Queen won their complete admiration. Her Majesty, accepting the invitation of Judge Gary, reminisced about herself. Later she talked of Roumania. Among other things she said: “Remember, Roumania is a country that contains a great deal of wealth on the ground and in the

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ground." She talked about peace and how the world could be kept out of war. "What we need," she exclaimed, "is a real feeling for peace and friendship in the world. Come over," she said, "and teach us efficiency and help us recover from the ravages of war. We hold an important position on the map and will grow in industry and in other ways too." In simple and slightly accented English, she drew a picture of her life and talked of her country, its destined progress and hopes. In introducing the Queen, Judge Gary said it was the first time in the history of the Steel Institute that it has honored a woman at its annual banquet. He declared, "We love Queen Marie because she is herself, although one of the greatest woman figures in the world. She is greatly respected all over the world, largely, if not principally, because of her splendid qualities of brain and heart."

Between the speeches Mme. Frances Alda sang and the brilliant affair was concluded by her chanting the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The dinner was followed by a supper at Judge Gary's house when the Queen sat between Mr. William Randolph Hearst and Mr. Arthur Brisbane and evidently enjoyed the evening.

Again the Queen spoke with such tact and brilliance that all were amazed. It is that exceptional combination of personality and beauty which stands out. She is an exceedingly feminine person with none of the assertiveness one so often finds among

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American women in public life. True, she is no intensely modern feminist, not so open and above-board, one might say, for her methods of charming are as old as Eve, but she is a woman who knows, in spite of the high place she has long occupied, how to listen and learn from people with greater experience than hers. To quote a remark I heard her make:

"It would be so wonderful to stop long enough in all these places to get acquainted with the many interesting people I meet, who represent some of the best brains of this great country. To be among able statesmen and not be able to ask them any questions is most disappointing." I very honestly found it her whole attitude throughout, to try to learn from each person something to broaden her own outlook. I noticed frequently she was willing to put herself into the hands of others and let them use what she considered superior judgment in controlling her affairs for her, and even if it was not done perfectly I never heard her complain. She has perfect confidence in each person she meets and, frankly, I think it is the explanation of her hold on people; she makes them live up to the best she believes of them. We are called a practical people, but the romance in us cannot be dead when a woman of charm, like Queen Marie, can attract the multitudes that I have seen in the last few days, and can hold spellbound the level-headed business men of New York as she did at the Steel Institute

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dinner and the business men's luncheons in New York.

Mr. Morris arranged with the governors of nearly all of the states to send their most representative ladies to meet the Queen in New York. He promised they should be well taken care of as regards lodging and entertainment, and he has had his hands full with that enormous order. One state in its enthusiasm telegraphed it was sending forty-three delegates. I can realize heartburnings and feuds that would impede a governor's discriminations but . . . forty-three!

CHAPTER FIVE

An Entertainment for a Princess

EVERY AFFAIR in honor of the Queen's visit, which I so lightly entered and so lightly left after sipping the sweet of it, was anticipated by untold and unnoticed pains, care and attention to detail. I realize that now more than I ever could have before I was in charge of one such entertainment myself. I dwell on it here merely because it was the only one outside the purely social I was intimately enough connected with to observe at first hand. And because the details of one such may be interesting.

When the first plans for the visit were being formulated and suggestions were coming in right and left for the Queen's pleasure, I began to think of the little Princess Ileana, and I determined at once to find some special way of entertaining her. She has always been such a serious, high-thinking girl. In her own country it is she who sponsors most of the girls' organizations, who is the head of the Girl Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls of Roumania. These organizations in our own city are so thoroughly worth while, so intensely living as compared to some of the dead but remaining organizations to which we older women belong, that I real-

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ized they were the ones to help me. With all the enthusiasm of their youth they responded. Representatives of the Big Sisters, Girls' Friendly, Junior League, Girl Scouts, Girls' Service League, Northfield League, Camp Fire Girls, Girl Reserves and other girls' organizations met with me and helped me plan the whole thing. An entertainment, we decided on, at a theater, honor escorts of the societies represented, public school children to attend and a book of signatures to be presented.

Then the fun began! Not all the public school children of the vast Manhattan brigade. Only so many from each school. Of that "so many" two special pupils to be chosen to attend the brief reception for the Princess after the performance. Then the principals of each school to be approached with the subject, their answers filed, answered, and so on and so on. . . . Well, the matter went beyond my hands then. For two weeks beforehand I secured four extra secretaries to help me with the work. Every day, as with all such attempts, new details multiplied like protozoa by division. Especially was this true with our most ambitious project. This was the idea of presenting the Princess with a book of the autographs of the five thousand selected children who attended. We had a most beautiful presentation volume prepared, bound in rose-red Morocco and embossed with the Princess's crest in gold. The first pages were hand illuminated on parchment. The inside pages were

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sent out to each school for the pupils' signatures. Since the pages have to be bound double the first seventy-five schools received them first with a stamped addressed envelope inside for return to me, and then the second seventy-five were to receive them. We puzzled and discussed how best to insure a neat page of signatures and finally hit on the brilliant idea of inserting a ruled page, made specially to fit, inside the leaves for a guide. We were very proud of ourselves. Then, in a day or two after the first seventy-five went out, the returns came pouring in. And eighty per cent of the schools had signed on the guide lines instead of the page! All our work to be done over with the addition of a most ferocious sign, **DON'T SIGN ON THIS PAGE!** at the top of the guide lines. Such haps and mishaps went on constantly. One minute we were perfectly sure we had sent out too many tickets . . . the next we had visions of an empty house facing the Princess and madly granted requests right and left. We could only hope for the best.

Saturday, October 23.

In this case fortunately the best did happen! Fortified with hopes for it but prepared for almost anything, the secretaries and I went down at nine this morning to the Capitol Theater where our performance was to be held. I had some difficulty in persuading the guardians of the portals at the theater that I had a right to enter. They were on duty

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well enough and I was more pleased than otherwise. Silly to think that anything might happen, but it gave me a firm feeling that nothing would happen at my entertainment if careful attention could prevent it.

I stationed myself at the head of the stairs and watched with perfect delight the faces of the public school children who came running in, not walking, the instant the doors were opened at 9.45. From the names signed on the school pages that had come back to us, I really did not know what to expect to see. If one of us came across a name as American as "Mary Jones," say, it was a matter of comment among names that sounded like an inventory of the Ghetto, Little Italy and all the Russias combined. What I saw from the head of the stairs was a crowd of as fine-looking, well-dressed children as you would want to see anywhere. They were smart-looking, at ease, all of a class, with that smart apéry of childhood and its phenomenal knack of "catching on." Their names may have been Yanska Petrolavivitch, Yolanda Uropolina, but they certainly looked to me like What The Well-Dressed Children Will Wear.

And their faces! Absolutely alight. Fired into ardor in anticipation of seeing in the flesh a "Princess"—heretofore only a character in a fairy-tale. All my weariness, all the vexations, left me then. I didn't care so much after that, I must admit, if the Princess was pleased or bored, just so she stood

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up like a good girl and illustrated these children's fairy-books.

Two girls from each organization had gone ahead to the Ambassador to escort the Princess down to the theater. At last they came. She looked her most charming and girlish self in Roumanian costume, simple and symbolic. The manager of the Capitol and myself met her and led her between a lane of girls in uniform to her box. I could positively hear the one concerted breathless gasp of the children as they watched her take her place and respond to their cheers with the simple salute of the Roumanian Girl Scouts. The roar of the children's clapping hands almost drowned out the sound of the national airs as the curtains parted on a tableau of girls in Roumanian costume. It was the fairy-tale princess they cheered, I knew, and nothing else. The program went swiftly on, a ballet, songs by Mme. Charles Cahier, motion pictures of Roumanian Red Cross activities, and my presentation of the book of precious autographs. I could see the children lean forward eagerly at the thought that *their* names were in that book! I took advantage of their state of subjection to try to impress on them that the motto of royalty, "Ich Dien," was imprinted on the heart of every monarch, and that the life of a sovereign was one of service, not self-indulgence. They listened with gratifying attention and felt, no doubt, whatever they pleased.

Princess Ileana then responded. Her message was first in Roumanian, then in English. "I thank

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you for these dear expressions of your love. I will carry your greetings back to the children in Roumania as you have theirs in me." She stood there so simply and spoke in her beautifully modulated voice, and was no whit disturbed by the amplifier in front of her, though she told me it was her first speech before a large audience. That pleased me beyond words, but when in conclusion that audience of five thousand school children rose as the Girl Scouts carried the American flag onto the stage, and recited with one voice, without the loss of a beat between the timed words and entirely without rehearsal, the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, my pride in the school children of my own country knew no bounds.

A very brief reception to the honor pupils followed in a hall above, the Princess giving each hand a hearty shake as it passed. She was a lovely thing to look at in the flowing blouse and scarfed head-dress of her country; strong, athletic and spirited. At parting she embraced me heartily and thanked me. Prince Nicholas, I was sorry, could not be present due to a previous invitation to visit the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Having been in the navy several years, he is greatly interested in naval matters and especially in mechanics. Though he is young he seems to possess a great deal of related information on varied topics and has a great deal of savoir-faire. The Queen is justly proud of these two young people.

I reached home thoroughly gratified, I must

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admit, at our performance and thankful too—confession is good for the soul—that it was over. The girls who had helped me and I had only time for a few minutes of congratulation, before I had to tear off to Mr. and Mrs. J. Tileston Wells's charming luncheon at the Colony Club for the Queen, where she met again Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson who seems to have an attraction for her.

The Queen was escorted by members of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce to the Brooklyn Armory that afternoon to review the 106th Infantry Regiment. She was accompanied by a large party, including the Prince and Princess. On this occasion she was declared honorary colonel of the regiment and given a silver sword. The crack 106th did their best to make a fine showing before a reviewing officer who knows what troops can accomplish, as Queen Marie is a Colonel of the 4th Regiment of Roshiori in Bucharest, Honorary Colonel of the Serbian Cavalry Subotitza Iarnu Georgias, and is known throughout Europe as the Soldier Queen.

The review, which did justice to this splendid regiment, was followed by a reception held in the Council of Officers' room in the Armory.

That night was the dinner of the honorable Sulgrave Institute, one of the main inducements for the Queen's trip. She has been made an honorary life member of this altruistic gathering of high-thinking men and women who joined forces primarily to bind closer the interests of England and America in the

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purchase and endowment of Sulgrave Manor, George Washington's ancestral home in England, and whose finished ethics have not stopped at that fine gesture well executed, but have gone on to cement friendship and peace among all nations. With David Lloyd George and Frank B. Kellogg, Her Majesty, as an honorary life member, has pledged her interest in the work the distinguished personnel of the Institute fosters. The two Anglo-Saxon nations, one cradled in the other, have so much in common, so much more to bring them together than the few irritating objective differences which tend to part them, that any project to bring those common interests to light and to thought in a day when the differences are so carelessly harped on, appears as "blessed" as are all peacemakers.

It was a weighty affair, though John W. Davis presided with all his usual grace and charm. I was glad to think of the Prince and Princess tripping the light fantastic off at West Point, encountering the delicious parry and thrust of young eyes on theirs. The speech at our dinner by Dr. John Grier Hibben of Princeton University was very finished and thoughtful. This was followed by one by Dr. John H. Finley, that searched antiquity and revived Sheba and Dido and Penelope with which to compare Her Majesty. She rose nobly to the analogy but floundered on the limitations of a bad cold which had almost closed up her throat. The dinner ended with much pomp and circumstance.

CHAPTER SIX

An Overburdened Sabbath

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24.

Cold or no cold, Queen Marie has not voyaged this far to be quiet or unseen, and this particular day bids to be as crowded as any other can be hereafter. I get tired just writing the items down!

Announcement had been made that the Queen was to attend services at Calvary Church, and every one was curious as to why she had chosen that particular place of worship from among the scores and hundreds of churches in the community. The explanation has its roots, as do so many of Her Majesty's actions, in an old friendship. While in Europe she had made the acquaintance of Dr. Frank Buchman, the well-known American churchman, and had become interested in his ideas of faith. Through Dr. Buchman she met Dr. Samuel Shoemaker, the young rector of Calvary Church, and invited him to be her guest in the palace at Bucharest. It was at this time that she became interested in Dr. Shoemaker's work, promising to visit his church if ever she should go to America.

Although the Queen is a devout supporter of the

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orthodox Roumanian Church, as are all the members of the Royal Family, she is nevertheless open-minded on questions of faith and is ever willing to lend a ready ear to any one who can help to throw light on problems of life and religion. Like all British royalty, Queen Marie was brought up in the Church of England, but her mother, the daughter of a czar, had received her early training in the orthodox Russian Church. This admixture of Anglican and Russian training, added to the Queen's present affiliation with the Church of Roumania, lends an unusual charm to her character and makes her generous in her sympathies. Her interest in all classes of society and in any form of religious belief is pronounced; and it was this interest that brought her, on the single Sunday of her visit to New York, to the church over which Dr. Shoemaker presides.

She appeared promptly at 10.30 dressed very simply. It was raining. The Prince who had just got back from West Point, appeared in his rain coat, and the party very quietly took their places. The rector began by welcoming the Queen in the name of his church. The Queen was much interested and later said that the hour was one of almost heavenly peace and beauty. Dr. Shoemaker went on to say that he dearly hoped this large congregation who had come to honor the Queen would feel themselves drawn closer to The King of Kings before they left the church.

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The luncheon, which my husband and I had arranged for the women delegates of the different states to meet the Queen, called for Her Majesty's appearance at the Biltmore at 1.00. I was at the door of the hotel to greet her and the Prince and Princess, and to escort them to a suite of rooms prepared for them. The Queen looked every inch queenly in a coat dress of deep red velvet, a large picture hat, and, for a high light, one great diamond cross with pear-shaped pearls pendant. I thought I had never seen her look better. She clasped both my hands and we had a few moments of quiet conversation before we descended to the ballroom where the guests were assembled and waiting. Thanks to the efficient management of Mrs. Charles D. Lowrie and Mrs. George Frederick Kunz, who assisted in the arrangements for all the entertainments of the ladies who came as delegates, I am glad to say that friends thought the luncheon a great success. The Queen surely contributed her share to that, for she had prepared a unique surprise. When she rose, welcoming the delegates, she told them her mind and heart had been occupied with them long before she had met them. On the boat coming over, she went on, in anticipation of such a meeting as we were then having, she had studied the history and geography of each state in the Union and had written down the brief impression made on her by the personality of each state as she saw it. As she called out the name of each

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state, she said, she would be glad to have that delegate take her description written with her own hand as a memento. The ladies were completely charmed and were quite graceful in their acceptances; but never as long as I live will I forget the prim little lady from one of the New England states who hopped up and publicly corrected the Queen's pronunciation of her native state. We *must* be right in the eyes of the world! Her Majesty smiled, stood corrected, and thanked her before proceeding.

That same afternoon she was present at a large reception at the Plaza, given her by the Newspaper Alliance of America, and at which I am sure she shivered and shook in her boots before "the most critical audience in the world," as she chaffingly called them in her speech. Immediately following that, in her rôle of Egeria, she put in an appearance at an exhibition of paintings by a protégé of hers, Sigismond de Nagy, a Hungarian artist. She bought one of his colorful paintings to present to her daughter Queen Mignon of Serbia. One woman and one afternoon! How she stretched herself and the hours over the events they encompassed until seven o'clock, and then by a prestidigitation appeared as promptly and as radiantly as usual at 7.30 at Mrs. Oliver Harriman's dinner, in Mrs. Harry Black's Plaza apartment, is more than I will ever know. All in white, satin, diamonds, pearls, she was if anything more animated than usual and amused us all by an account of how she

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finally decided to bob her hair, fearing greatly the King's displeasure, but when she appeared after the process was over he never even noticed the difference. It was too common a happening among many of us not to stir up more kindred talk and, since we were only women there, we had a delightful time talking about men in general, without a contradiction. I might add, Her Majesty finds American men not half so subjected as current talk has them. Her hair-cut came in for a good bit of feminine notice along with modes in general, and she said she would not have it long again for the world. I could not help but remember the long gold tresses over her shoulders when I saw her once sick in bed in Roumania, and I regretted them. She usually wears caps in the evening and always when traveling, and her hair is so beautifully waved and so thick one scarcely notices it is cut. Mrs. Harri-
man also was especially lovely that night.

The Metropolitan Opera House performance of Loie Fuller's ballet was on the tapis and we concluded our pleasant gossip hastily to arrive promptly. The wonderful old house was quite full, people arriving right and left, gorgeous women, languid and a little bored, and sober-suited men bringing up the rear. As our party entered, the national anthems of the two countries, ringing in my ears continually night and day by this time, bespoke the Queen's entrance into her special box, and the performance began. This ballet, illustrating one of the

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Queen's original fairy-tales, *The Story of the Lily*, was a vast improvement over the performance in Philadelphia, but much criticism was evidenced among the members of the entourage, who were disappointed not to have a gala performance of an opera and did not enjoy seeing the same ballet again.

At 12.30 we girded ourselves for the long journey before us and left in our evening clothes for the special train, where all the luggage and maids and valets had been sent on ahead. The station was crowded. The police and militia formed a passageway along a red carpet stretched to the train, and we boarded the private cars which were to be our homes for many weeks. I was delightfully surprised at the comfort of it all. The large brass beds in our rooms looked most inviting. Nothing was left undone for our comfort. Our car was called the "Republic." The Queen's car was most luxurious. An observation car had been attached to hers with plenty of space for the receptions she was to hold. There were manicurists, hairdressers, barbers and a trained nurse aboard. The railroads have done us so well, it seems as if we were in for a marvelous journey. All looks propitious.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Off!

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25.

While we were still in peaceful slumber, through the hush of the quieted train we dimly heard the first grinding rumble of the wheels as our train snorted and gathered strength to pull a queen across the land of the free. But no more free, let it be added, than any other group or nation since Adam's absolute monarchy, to the charm of a woman with the talismanic combination of beauty and brains.

We opened our eyes to a rainy, dismal day falling over the passing hills and at 9.15, when we reached West Point, there was a perfect downpour. In spite of it, we descended from the car and were welcomed by General Merck B. Stewart, Commander of the Academy of West Point, and his staff and ushered into waiting cars to be ferried across the Hudson, whose beauty could not be dimmed by rain. On arriving at the other side where West Point loomed up gray and forbidding, we were escorted up the side of the steep hill by a regiment of colored cavalry, who led the way around the academy. We visited the chapel first and went on to the General's house,

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where hot bouillon and sandwiches were most gratefully received from the hands of the officers' wives. Then the General asked the Queen if she would mind reviewing the cadets on the parade-ground. She said she had no intention of doing anything else, and I thought it exceedingly sporting of her to walk about in the pouring rain before the lines of splendid young chaps who were greatly pleased. The cadets of West Point are surely worth her attention, as I think I never saw a finer or a handsomer set of boys. The rest of us saw the review from the porch of the General's house and admired her energy. The colored escort saw us back down the hill and at eleven o'clock we said good-by to the General and his staff and were on rolling wheels again.

At Albany, Utica and Syracuse, stops were made for the Queen either to come out and receive informally, or to take the admiring plaudits of greeting from her observation car. At Syracuse where the train runs directly through the main street of the town, the Queen was very much amused that from the platform of her car she could greet the people in their homes. Jokes flew hither and thither. Here a red Indian climbed up in the Queen's car and greeted her.

Buffalo was reached at 8 p.m., and after dressing in evening clothes on the train, we got off onto the customary red carpet and were welcomed by a committee at the station. The Queen was regal in black velvet and an ermine coat, and looked happy and

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rested. This business of traveling has something in it after all, for one *must* rest while a certain distance is to be covered, and simply cannot be pulled from pillar to post by this, that and the other. It was a wet night for Buffalo also, but nevertheless crowds of people had assembled. Motor-cycle police escorted us through the streets to the Statler Hotel and we went in at once to the banquet prepared for the Queen, where she was awaited by a crowd of guests. Buffalo certainly did its best to honor her, the effort they made was quite touching. After the anthems, a musical program commenced. An ode to Her Majesty had been composed and was sung by a rather shrill soprano; the organ did its utmost to furnish music with our meal. The Mayor of the city was ill and was represented by another official. Across the table, I would watch the scene of this portly gentleman talking into her ear and I caught the fact that she was being highly amused. Later she said she had never had such a conversation. He discussed, it seemed, all his ailments, and they recommended remedies to one another with the greatest friendliness in the world. The Queen thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The dinner over, her friend rose and in his speech said that Buffalo had never been honored by a queen's visit before and that they wanted to make sure she never would forget them. With that he proffered the city's gift, a bracelet to which there hung a tiny jade buffalo with diamond eyes. The Queen rose delightedly and responded

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that never would she forget them with the jade Buffalo before her. After a brief reception, where offerings and flowers by the dozens of baskets were presented and sent on to the train, we took our leave of Buffalo. The kind heart of the American had been exhibited in its quintessence.

Tuesday, October 26.

A roar broke on our waking ears this morning that proved to be the mighty cataract of Niagara. It had been planned that we should breakfast at the hotel on the American side, and we were whisked off in great excitement as we were booked to leave at ten o'clock and Colonel Carroll was determined that the train schedule should not be interfered with even by so stupendous a manifestation as Niagara Falls. It was 8.30 when we arrived at the hotel, and were seated at one of those forbidding tables with a hollow square in the center. A most elaborate meal had been prepared, beginning with grapefruit and following, course after course, till coffee was reached; but, owing to lack of time, it was announced that breakfast would be cut down; so we hurried away, leaving the poor Committee aghast and the breakfast untouched, as the Queen agreed with "our Host" that Niagara was the important event of the day.

I had seen the glorious sight of that watery treadmill in my youth, but it now came upon me with a force I had not remembered; it is too vast a thing to

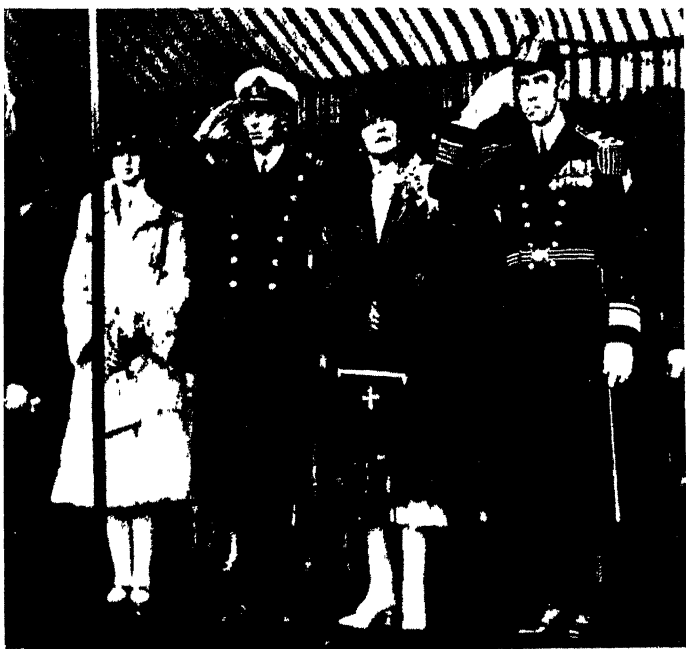
On Tour with Queen Marie

be held intact in the mind; it needs the eye and the ear and the biting touch of spray to convince of its actuality. The Queen and all her people could not suppress their exclamations. I could tell by their heightened color, the sparkling eye and stirred lips just how vast an impression this supreme work of nature was making. The only marring of the scene comes from man's handiwork in the careless lines of hotels and power stations on the American side which are such eyesores to the English. The royal party adored the drench of spray and looked back with regretful eyes when we had to leave the Canadian side after a greeting by the Governor of the Province of Ontario and his aides. The first stop after leaving Niagara was Hamilton, in Canada, where the Queen spoke from the rear of the train to the crowd which seemed to me to be under some kind of spell, they were so orderly compared to our people. We lunched aboard and had a delightful time exchanging visits in the diners attached to the various cars. In Niagara, I had bought a perfect prima donna of a canary, all coloratura trills and roulades which became the pet of the cars and was later on, perhaps, the one being aboard that kept its perfect disposition!

Toronto was reached at last after great expectations. The Queen had often said to me how dearly she wished to see the great sprawling country of Canada, the famed Northwest, and I had loved it all my life. At two o'clock, we were there. A splendid



HER MAJESTY BRAVES A RAINSTORM TO REVIEW
THE CORPS OF CADETS AT WEST POINT



HER MAJESTY REVIEWS THE UNITED STATES

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platform had been erected on a level with the observation car so that the Queen could proceed directly from the rear of the car to this landing, which was handsomely draped in the Roumanian flag and the British, instead of the American ones I had become accustomed to seeing with it in the last few days. There the Governor and his staff in high silk hats welcomed her with great pomp and precision. The famed Canadian police in their red coats and hats, in our cowboy effect with chin straps, made a marvelous escort through the station to where a chorus of singers in Welsh costume welcomed the royal visitor with songs. We drove directly to Government House, which, as is customary in all English colonies, is the official residence of the Governor. This particular one is like a great English country house set in the smooth formality of sheared lawns. Such a house is built with the idea of entertaining on a great scale, as one can see by the enormous hall and the three surrounding galleries that look down upon it. In spite of its size, it has a homelike air, the reception-rooms opening off from it filled with that charming English country house style of informality, photographs in silver frames and quantities of flowers everywhere in vases. There was an expression of perfect satisfaction on the Queen's face such as one wears when one comes into one's own country again. The Lieutenant-Governor, Henry Cockshutt, and his wife and two daughters and the intimate entourage of the family received the Queen

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and us all in their private drawing-room. I felt transported to dear old England again at the quiet tea served us there and in the later moments in the garden, filled with blooming roses in spite of the late season, where we strolled about contentedly far from crowds and photographers, a little haven of rest. The Queen wore a gold coat trimmed in some rich fur and looked especially handsome and contented.

Such a peaceful hour could not last long. The Queen took up her duties again and we set out for the Town Hall where she received her usual delegations with an additional feature of interest toward the last when a committee of Jews appeared before her, and their Rabbi, unrolling a long scroll embossed in Hebrew characters, read her a speech of welcome. From there we proceeded to the University. In a great hall the Queen was throned in a high chair where stately ladies presented resolutions to her, also embossed on rolls of parchment. The audience here bid fair to be stiff and formal until Her Majesty rose, took her place at the reading desk and gave a short but clever speech. How that wonderful woman knows just what to say! She told them of her childhood's dream to come to Canada, since the early days when she had listened to stories of their great country from her grandmother, Queen Victoria. That name was all that was necessary among these loyal subjects. The icy crust of things was broken. She emphasized the fine

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work done by the Canadians during the War, the enthusiasm she felt for such men as theirs who came to the assistance of the mother country no matter the distance or the danger. The audience seemed genuinely affected by her address.

The Ladies' Club was next on the program. They own a most beautiful country house in the midst of a charming garden, to hold their meetings in. English, English, all was English. It was hard to believe we were on another continent from that old one grown up in dignity and simplicity. I suppose the reason a colony seems more characteristic of the mother land than that land itself, is because the homesick exiles try to reproduce the very essence of the old life to assuage nostalgia. Here the Queen met the brother of one of her dearest friends, Joe Boyle, who had been a great help to her in the War and who is now dead.

The Queen went on from there to more official duties, but I slipped away, being happily only a plain personage, and took this opportunity to do some necessary shopping with one of the ladies I had met at the club and who cleverly gave me some ideas of Toronto life which must, from the description, be most pleasant.

I arrived at Government House just in time to dress for dinner, found my bath awaiting me in the true English fashion, the open fire burning high and bright, and my canary having a musical fit.

The huge dining-hall presented a perfect picture

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that night. Every one tried to do homage to the Queen by being, as nearly as possible, in the picture. Uniforms were conspicuous for color and gold braid and ribboned decorations, the gowns filled in the medley of shades with a perfect accompaniment. On one side, I had a Canadian General, spruce and hearty, on the other Captain Eric Holdenby, a young aide-de-camp who told me that he belonged to a Highland Regiment and was dressed in the kilt and plaid of his company. The dinner proceeded with such style it rather overwhelmed the culinary art which is usually not the point of an English banquet. At the reception following, Her Majesty, radiant in white with a pearl and diamond tiara, bestowed a decoration upon Colonel Noel Marshall, who had done her a great service during the War. She then watched the dancing in the huge ballroom.

The Governor has two very attractive daughters who are much displeased that their father is soon to leave Government House to return to his country seat, which he told me confidentially he much preferred to the strenuous official duties he has performed for several years in Toronto.

At 11.30 we arrived at our train where we found some handsome souvenirs awaiting us, which were presented by the Railroad as a memento of our visit to Canada. Every member of the royal party was given a handsome brochure, bound in gray suède and bearing the Roumanian crest in gold, descriptive

Off!

of the territories through which the royal party is to pass. This presentation was made by officials of the Canadian National Railways in Toronto. Then we tumbled into bed half asleep already, after a most strenuous and happy day.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Heart of Canada

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27.

We had savored little England already in Canada and now we were to come upon one of the most amazing phenomena in colonization. French Montreal awaited us with all the Gallic esprit of its Parisian forebears. It was positively wracking to decide which we loved better—the best of England in Toronto or the best of France in Montreal. Charming, kaleidoscopic, to be whirled from one to another with no preparatory body of water between; just the same stretches of snow-mantled forests, the same formations of land which harbored what different spirits of men!

There was the usual pompous platform, the usual so red carpet and what looked like the usual body of men until speech began. Then what a difference! And Monsieur le Maire Martin this time was elegant, magnificent in a purple gown bordered with sable, collared in the massive gold chain of his honored office. The liquid syllables of his charming address came out in French, and suddenly it spouted up on all sides of us, the city's official language. It sounded like the crisp spray of Niagara felt. There

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was a difference in the Queen's car this time also. It was open and lined with a heavy fur rug hung over the back. As the day was foggy, she wore a coat of black karakul and a black hat and plume, but true to her taste to avoid black in favor of emphatic, arresting colors, her gown beneath was vivid green. At City Hall, a most impressive building, and in a room most dignified, she was throned in state and given the city's freedom. Senator Dandurand was always at her side. They had many topics of mutual interest to discuss as he was president of the Geneva League of Nations and rescued many Roumanians. After all of us registered in an official-looking book, a view of the city was in order. At the plant of *La Presse*, Montreal's leading newspaper, we dropped Prince Nicholas, or he dropped us, I can't say which. This young man is so thoroughly interested in things mechanical that he couldn't be budged from the vast array of machinery which only looked terrific and rather fearful to me. People born with that insatiable mania "to see the wheels go round," as he confided to me he was, get a different thrill out of it altogether.

Her Majesty, in accordance with her system, did not fail to attend the city's one Roumanian church, where the hearts, passionate, sad, poetic, of these long submerged people rose up into the devoted eyes that followed her. There was pathos in the submissive, serflike air with which they kissed her hand. Dark, all of them, swart, low, stocky people, the

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mark of their many bloods commingled speaks in contradictions on their faces. In a new world so alien to their indecisive spirits it goes hard with them to survive and many are flung off at a tangent from the great moving fan-belt of competition. But always, wherever they congregate, will be found one of their churches, no matter how poor and spare, always devout.

Outside the church so many had congregated we had to force our way to the cars through people who were more like ours in their enthusiasm than the quieter English.

Mr. Morris and I went on to the Ritz-Carlton to see that all proper arrangements were made for the party who were to follow shortly. We found things beautifully settled, flowers and gifts from friends filling the Queen's apartment. The Mayor had us to a luncheon of about three hundred guests and afterward we went to visit Montreal College, a Catholic institution where French is spoken, the quaint customs of another day surviving in the uniform beret and stick of the University which Prince Nicholas received. Another flying trip took us to McGill University, which I only knew of as the school where the great wit, Stephen Leacock, is professor. The Queen was received by the President and shown the library treasures. The girls couldn't be left out, so Her Majesty went on to a convent which she told me later impressed her vastly, as the little girls in their black frocks and gloves acted like

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automatons under the severe discipline of the nuns.

Since we were to be in Canada some while, it was decided I should procure some wine for our private use in Canada. Much to my surprise I found the Canadian regulations as strictly supervised as ours. It was only through the intervention of one of my Montreal friends, Mrs. George Browne, that I was able to procure what I desired and then only one bottle of liquor could be bought at a time. No wines are sold after five P.M., I learned.

That night the Roumanian consul of the city gave a dinner to about fifty people, mainly officials, and to my surprise I had known two of the members before. One gentleman, now American consul in Montreal, was formerly American consul in Stockholm, and the other had been Norwegian chargé d'affaires there during the time Mr. Morris was American Minister. In these travels I am constantly meeting old friends. We had greetings and many reminiscences. Despite the glowing tiara and her gown of orange chiffon, the Queen looked weary, as well she might. Chaliapin was to sing for her in a gala performance of the *Barber of Seville*, and promptly at eight-thirty the Queen rose, leaving the meal half finished, to repair to the huge barn of a hall. We were all exhausted after this most fatiguing day, and although the splendid voice of Chaliapin was at its best, some of us could hardly keep awake. I should not tell tales on the Queen since I was in the same boat, but it is my private belief that we both napped.

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The same committee that had met us, looking as spick and span as in the morning, saw us off at midnight. Good-by to la belle France for a while!

Thursday, October 28.

It was about nine P.M. when we reached Ottawa. We were met at the station by Governor-General Viscount Willingdon, and his staff. There was the same regal platform again, the red carpet and the canopy, as at Montreal, but, never let it be mistaken, this was England again. The Queen was received at Town Hall before going on to Government House, another rambling old English home, full of Japanese and Chinese curios and antiques. Though the Willingdons have been here but a few weeks, we found Lady Willingdon an ideal Governor's wife, dignified and at the same time exceedingly kindly. A group of charming women, good-looking and young, were waiting for us and escorted us to our rooms and proffered every comfort. It was sunny, cheerful, homelike, the essence of British refinement.

We were rid of the gentlemen of the party for a while as they stayed on to lunch at Government House, while the ladies followed the Queen to a most effective luncheon at Château Laurier where the Canadian Ladies' Club had arranged to honor her. This Club is an enormous project, having branches in each city of Canada and being open to any lady of Canadian birth provided she is approved

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of by the committee. Only five hundred of them could be seated at the luncheon, one of the finest affairs given the Queen. I could see she was doing her best to please them in her lovely gown of tan velvet gold-embroidered, a velvet picture hat with a sweeping feather and in long pearl earrings instead of her customary studs. The ladies responded first to the picture she made, and then even more excessively to her fine speech in which she again mentioned her delight at Canada, now seen with her own eyes as once she had seen it through Queen Victoria's. She said she would always cherish the memory of this day, and hoped some day she might come again, which sentiment was reiterated by the ladies of the Club.

Mrs. Stanley Washburn, wife of Major Washburn, who has been in our party since we left New York and has been continually threatening to leave because she had not come packed for the long trip, finally decided to-day that she would go on. She and Colonel Carroll have become fast friends. He says she must lend him her eyes, since he sees so poorly. However, I do not agree with him, since he seems to see more than most of us. Mrs. Washburn and I spent the afternoon shopping in Ottawa. Since the next day was the Queen's birthday, I found a silver cup for her and a bunch of lilies of the valley to put in it.

The Queen attended a reception at the newly finished Houses of Parliament. Since the people of

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Canada out-English the English, the affair was similar to a court at Buckingham Palace. After tea, Her Majesty returned to Government House.

In the dining-hall that night they served a huge state banquet that might have found great favor before the Virgin Queen at Kenilworth. All the dignitaries and notables of Canadian society responded to Lord and Lady Willingdon's invitation, and came prepared to entertain as well as be entertained. I was seated between the Roumanian consul and the Honorable Hugh Guthrie, Liberal party leader, who had been defeated in the last elections. I found him an exceedingly interesting man, thoroughly at home in world politics. He asked me the purpose of the Queen's visit in America, which seemed to be the question uppermost in the minds of most Canadians. I told him that officially she had come over to dedicate a museum of art in the State of Washington, but I believed her real purpose was purely an interest in North America and a desire to know more about this part of the world, that she is a woman of keen intelligence, up-to-date in her ideas, and takes a lively interest in all the important developments of her time. It seemed to me, I said, the duty of rulers and people in high positions to have an accurate knowledge of the affairs of the world. I did not see why she needed any other reason for coming to America, or why a queen should be barred from seeing the world. He agreed with me and was thoroughly in sympathy with the Queen. It seemed

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that night that she was surrounded by friends, by people of her own kind, who understood her real character and respected her. It was a very congenial atmosphere, and a dignified and delightful occasion which I shall never forget. Thanks to the Willingdons, who are ideal hosts, I met the Archbishop of Canada, a charming prelate, typically English in physiognomy and point of view. The acting Prime Minister of Canada, the Honorable J. A. Robb, too, impressed me as a very clever man. Our conversation ranged from Sweden to the League of Nations, but unfortunately was cut short as we were to leave Ottawa at eleven o'clock. I shall always remember that room, so dignified and still so unpretentious, such a delightful setting for the Queen, who looked most majestic in the black and silver gown of medieval design, her headdress of pearls and diamonds setting off her face so becomingly.

CHAPTER NINE

En Train

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29.

To-day is the Queen's birthday, and I sent her the silver vase and loving cup filled with lilies early this morning. Her day begins about seven o'clock, when her maid brings her first cup of tea. She is usually dressed and working by eight, and her mornings are occupied in writing letters and articles, and in interviews with people on the train in connection with her tour. She is never idle a moment, hardly ever rests during the day, but I have yet to hear her confess to being really fatigued. Frequently she has had to speak from the rear platform four and five times during the day, to the crowds that collect around the train at railway stations wherever we stop.

I envy her the cheer of that disposition which I have never seen ruffled. I think the most spontaneous proof of this is in her servants' love for her. One maid, the head one, who is in charge of all her clothes and jewels, has been about her twenty years and couldn't be dislodged now with dynamite, I do believe. The Queen's children have for her that delightful intimacy and companionship which denotes

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friendship and understanding as well as mere motherhood. I like to hear them call her "Mummy" and fly to her with all their interests.

The black spaniel, "Craggie," hardly stirs a foot from her, and sleeps at night, a ball of black fluff, on her bed. Her ladies-in-waiting have been with her many years and would make any sacrifice in her behalf. I have heard her take their counsel time and again, but I have seen her, too, stand firm when she was deeply convinced of her position. My respect for her increases day by day as I watch her undeviating stand in the midst of the turmoil which has arisen among the members of her party from diverging ideas of place and position. I have no other feeling but that she will be able to smooth it all out.

To-day I asked her to see me, as I had something to discuss with her. Of course, she did not refuse me. We are to be on the train two whole days now before reaching Winnipeg, which is our next long stop. It is cold and snowing outside. We have passed through miles of waste lands marked only with stumps of trees, the result of forest fires. At intervals, we saw trappers outside of their huts, and the log cabins of the Hudson Bay Company in the woods near the tracks. I was told the forests are full of wild fur-bearing animals here, and this part of Canada has been the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company for many generations. The landscape is desolate. There are many lonely lakes and

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only a few crude habitations. It is not cheerful—this pioneer country of Canada.

We have all received an invitation from Colonel Carroll to lunch in the dining-car to-day in honor of the Queen's birthday. The luncheon was very cheerful, and, of course, this being Canada, we had champagne to celebrate the occasion. The Queen had at her table Mr. Shipley, who is manager of the train, an experienced railroad man of sterling character and ability. Colonel Carroll and the representative of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, who is now on the train, were also at her table. I was seated at the Prince's table, and Mr. Morris was at Princess Ileana's. A Canadian official and Mme. Procopiu were at the same table with the Prince. I am told that there are now eighty-five persons traveling on this train. This, of course, includes all the entourage of the Queen, Colonel Carroll and his party, all the newspaper men and photographers, the secret service people, and secretaries, and quite a large staff of domestics. It is a very complicated organization. There are seven private cars, most luxuriously furnished, each with a dining-room and its own chef and porters; three compartment cars; two sleepers; and a dining-car which is changed every time we travel over a different railroad. The Queen's private car is called the "Yellowstone Park." We are at present traveling under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific, and the dining-car is excellent. We were served a delicious lunch, and

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Colonel Carroll toasted the King, the Queen, President Coolidge and His Excellency, the Governor-General of Canada. We all stood and drank to the Queen's health, and she answered with a few words of thanks. She was dressed very simply, and wore a tight-fitting cap made of seed pearls. Both the Queen and Princess Ileana wear these attractive caps continually on the train. Although I must admit it looked simply poisonous, we each took a slice of the Queen's birthday cake, which was decorated most elaborately in the Roumanian colors—red, yellow, and blue.

All of us were happy that day, and quite a peaceful family. The subject most discussed was a possible journey to California. I was told before we started that this was impossible, owing to some intricate railroad questions which I shall not try to solve. After some discussion, the plan was abandoned, much to the regret of many members of the royal party. M. Tirman, and his young secretary, M. Chardon, were exceedingly disappointed. They had come all the way from France in the hope of seeing California.

M. Tirman is, I believe, a member of the French Royal Academy, a noted art connoisseur, and had the consent of the French government to accompany the Queen on this expedition to dedicate the Maryhill Art Museum. I have come to know him quite well, and find him a typical Frenchman with all the alert courtesy and culture that the title implies. He

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is a middle-aged gentleman, wears a pointed beard, and is very quick in his movements.

That afternoon the Queen sent for me for our talk, and we had a most delightful visit. As women will, we discussed all sorts of things, including our respective children and husbands and households (of course) and branching from these personal things to the wider, but less enthralling, subjects of general interest. I did hope that despite the fatigue and bickerings attendant on any long journey, she was enjoying her visit, and I was happy to hear her say that she did indeed. She was sorry to miss California, and the South which loomed up as a place of romance in her imagination, but perhaps it was as well. Some day she might see them. We spent a pleasant hour together, while she sat knitting a blue silk cap for herself as she talked. I had been with her before so many times in different parts of the world, in Roumania, England, and France, that it seemed very natural to be sitting with her again, even though such vastly different scenery was unrolling before the car windows. The subject came up of some one accused of saying unkind things about her. The most resolute change came over her face. "I will not believe that anybody who has known me as a friend and has broken bread with me would do such a thing. How," she went on, "people can harbor hate for one another and pamper bad feeling is beyond my understanding. It does so much more harm to the one who hates."

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Saturday, October 30.

Snow everywhere. For hours we passed through lonely snow-covered regions with here and there clumps of scrubby trees, mostly pines, a few trappers' huts, and depots of the Hudson Bay Company. The frozen lakes increased the cold power of this bleak landscape. I have the most profound respect for the pioneers of this country, the daring hearts that braved such cruelty of nature, and yet I can feel the virgin charm that drew them there.

To-day we were invited to lunch in Colonel Carroll's car, where we had quite a delightful time. The olive branch was handed to us and we took it. All was harmonious and pleasant on that occasion. Newspapers, as newspapers will, made an exceedingly great mountain out of what was, I must admit, more than a mole-hill of friction between the poor harassed Queen's hosts. None seemed willing to give up to the other a moment of Her Majesty's attention or to abdicate to another for a little time the privilege of doing her favors, but now things seem well adjusted. Colonel Carroll, as he so frequently reminds us, is the Official Host for the train, designated as such by the railroads over which we ride and which are his particular domain. And an absolute monarchy it is. Mr. Morris has charge of the programs and the official entertainments. Having had considerable diplomatic training, he is well able to handle such situations. Most of the programs he arranged before we left New York, but he is carry-

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ing on a vigorous telegraphic correspondence with the various governors and mayors to adjust features which must be altered, so that telegrams stream in and are sent out at every station. He and his secretary, Walter Ogden, are kept terribly busy. The whole party seems to be settling down to a good understanding. I wonder how long it will last.

At 5.00 P.M. our long two days' trip to Winnipeg ended.

CHAPTER TEN

Winnipeg and the Entourage

THE FIRST THING that struck the eye when nearing the city was the huge building of the Honorable the Hudson Bay Company, who seem to own the town of Winnipeg. I think their activities center here, for they are erecting a wonderful new building which is to occupy an entire block. At the railroad station we were met by the usual officials and taken under the usual canopy to the usual flock of Lincoln cars which carried us safely to the usual best hotel in the town. Here the Governor lives. He had just arrived in the Province and was making this hotel his home. After that, the usualness ceased for this is a city with a character all its own. Judging from the reception which took place immediately before dinner in the parlors of the hotel, Winnipeg is a typical frontier town. The people who had assembled were a rugged-looking lot, very different from the Canadians we had previously seen. We were conscious of being in the West where people dress and think as they please and are not the slaves of conventional ideas. Splendid broad-shouldered women, clear eyed as morning, strode by us; gracious enough but unflustered by ceremony or society, dignified by an innate simplic-

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ity. Men moved past with the look of the visionary in their faces, the candor of pioneers who must put by fear and hew straight to the line. The small evasions, the hesitant complexes, the quenched spirits in the faces of those in a more civilized life, were absent entirely from the countenances of these people born free in a new land. Here was a city emerging out of the wilderness, evolving in great rugged shapes that time alone must smooth, that had need for the best in every man and woman who would brave the rigors and the hardships she mixed with her splendid opportunities. Here was a city still in the Age of Innocence as contrasted to the age-old, wearied sophistication of cities whose growth has ceased to be outward, but inward—inward to the stressed souls of its inhabitants. These people were new and free, open as the day. That palpable, evident sincerity in the faces passing before us was very winning. I had an interview just before dinner with one of the fur merchants, and found that the prices of furs here were almost the same as in Chicago, and that the quality was nothing unusual. As is customary, the best products go to the foreign markets. Mrs. Washburn had telegraphed ahead to the Hudson Bay Company to bring those heavy Indian blankets which one can obtain only in Canada. They are deliciously warm and very picturesque, with their colored stripes on a white ground. We added these to our already rapidly accumulating collection of luggage.

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We left our hotel for another where the Winnipeg branch of the Ladies' Canadian Club gave a dinner in honor of Her Majesty. The Queen responded to the gracious speech of the President, mentioning, as she always did among the Canadians, her love for their country and that of her "Granny," Queen Victoria, and her long dreams of seeing Canada in reality. At last she had come and was now surrounded by the women of this vast country whom she respected with all her heart. She said she had always been on the side of women; that she understood their problems, and had always been their champion; that she perhaps was being criticized for having stepped aside from the usual procedure of queens, doing so radical a thing as to journey round the world without her husband. She had always had the courage of her convictions, and was willing to take whatever criticism might arise. She saw no reason why a queen should not have the privilege of seeing the world the same as other people, and she was glad that she had come. What would her dear old "Granny" have thought could she see her standing there and traveling about as she was doing? she said. "Times have changed and one must feel the pulse of one's generation." She was her most charming self that evening, and won everybody. As she stood there facing this audience of ladies she made a lovely picture in an American-beauty velvet gown with strings of pearls, and her tight fitting cap. The setting of the room was rather

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severe, and the table decorations were very prim and tidy, but the Queen in her magnificence needed no ornaments. After dinner we all went to Parliament House, which is a really beautiful building, perfectly proportioned—a masterpiece of architecture. Evidently there is not much graft in this country, as the people have got their money's worth in this noble building. We wandered through marble halls to a huge rotunda under the dome. Here chairs were arranged in a semicircle close to the walls, with a throne in the center where the Queen took her seat. As a background to the regal setting was a glorious fresco by Brangwyn, the English painter. The police that night had all they could do to control the enormous crowd which was allowed to enter. I have never seen a greater demonstration anywhere. First came delegates of Roumania, carrying flowers, who stopped and read proclamations which were engrossed on parchment rolls. Then children in Roumanian costume presented flowers, and then an endless crowd passed for nearly two hours. A heavy rope had been strung across, to protect the Queen. The people had evidently come straight from the streets and were dressed in their street clothes. They came from the highways and the byways—some sullen, some gay, some deeply respectful. At least ten thousand passed before the doors were closed and the mob outside, which was still waiting, was turned away. We then went into the library where a supper was served. I was seated

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next to the Governor's daughter, a charming young girl, and a very lively aide-de-camp who told me many interesting things about Winnipeg. Later we were taken into a beautiful oak-paneled circular room in the Capitol Building, which was much admired by the Queen. We all felt that Winnipeg was justly proud of this wonderful example of modern building. My last impression of Winnipeg is a picture of the Queen on a sofa in this room with the Prince and Princess on either side resting their heads on her shoulders, worn out with the exertions of the evening, but happy over this great demonstration.

Sunday, October 31.

We are due in Minneapolis this afternoon. Olive branches do wither—I wonder if Noah knew as well as I—but fortunately they freshen again to prevent despair. Since leaving Winnipeg last night, ours has had a decided droop to it. Colonel Carroll will brook no interference or competition in his rôle of “official host.” People of unusual charm in this world are oftentimes embarrassed by the excessive devotion of their followers, and Her Majesty has no doubt come across it many times among the men, women and children who have encountered her spell. Queen Marie, with her usual graciousness, is willing to do anything to please the powers that be. She realizes that the journey has been a tremendous expense to the officials of the road, and wishes to make up for it in every way in her power. M. Laptew is

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on the verge of exploding with indignation over the continual assertion of control. He is a typical Latin of the best type; although he looks rather comfortable and good-natured, he is capable of positive action when necessary. The Roumanian aide-de-camp, Colonel Athanasesco, is extremely suave, a man of culture and refinement. He was formerly military attaché in Berlin, and shows the effects of Teutonic discipline in the perfect control which he exerts over himself. I have never seen him lose his temper, although he is a keen observer and well aware of everything that transpires on the train. The Professor, who forms an important part of this Roumanian group, also looks very placid, but nothing escapes his watchful eye. He is rather short and has a jolly face. He evidently is a man of learning, and shows his wisdom like the wise old owl who "the more he heard the less he spoke." These three Roumanian gentlemen were our constant companions, and usually lunched in our car with M. Tirman and sometimes Chardon or one or two of the ladies-in-waiting.

The two ladies-in-waiting, Mme. Procopiu and Mme. Lahovary, were old friends of mine whom I had met in my various visits in Roumania at Cotroceni, the Queen's palace in Bucharest. Mme. Procopiu it was who presented me with a decoration from the Queen during the War on a special mission to Paris. I have always been devoted to her. She is a woman of the utmost refinement and a subtle

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intelligence which sees many things, but tells none of them. Her adoration for the Queen and the royal family is beautiful. Her face is that of a marquise in the days of the most exquisite refinement of France, and her soft white hair, beautifully ondulé, forms a charming frame for clear cut features and bright brown eyes that circle about like a bird's. She dresses in the most exquisite taste, and beautifully sets off the more brilliant figure of the Queen. Her great gift for making friends wherever she goes has been a wonderful asset to Her Majesty. I have found her in her quiet way a most efficient and clever person, for nothing escapes her. From morning till night on the train she keeps busy answering letters in her exquisite handwriting, which is so characteristic of her personality. She seems to write English as fluently as she does French and Italian, although she has difficulty in speaking it. Thousands of letters stream in which she and Mme. Lahovary, the Queen's other lady-in-waiting, take care of. I feel free to go into their car whenever I please and have always found them busily occupied in answering these numerous requests and sending letters of thanks to the many hundreds who have sent flowers and gifts of every kind to Her Majesty. Mme. Lahovary is a most active, business-like and brisk person, a decided contrast to Mme. Procopiu. She is exceedingly up-to-date, and almost American in her activity and efficiency. Every weighty question which requires immediate attention is handled by

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her with great promptness. I presented her with the latest model of an Underwood typewriter in Montreal, and she has already learned to use it effectively. She represents the modern school, while Mme. Procopiu is, in my eyes, an ideal example of the conservative, a truly aristocratic lady. I have never seen anybody capable of transacting more business in a short time than Mme. Lahovary. She seems indefatigable, and is one of the few people who can keep pace with Her Majesty's dynamic energy. Miss Ida Marr is a decided contrast to these two ladies. She has all the characteristics of the English woman of education, a keen intelligence and an accentuated sense of responsibility as regards her charge, Princess Ileana. She has been the constant companion of this lovely girl for so many years, living for her alone, that I imagine the very thought of being separated from her "child" would be torture to this loyal soul whose religion is devotion to duty. Her delightful sense of humor, too, has been a broad relief to us all. We are all grateful for the splendid accommodations which we are enjoying, and for which we are indebted to the railroad officials, as I was told "there never was nor ever would be another train like this one." It really is a marvel of railroad skill, and as the train is our real home we are inexpressibly grateful for the wonderful beds which enable us to endure the fatigue of the journey, although I think a haystack would have been acceptable after some of our strenuous days.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Twin Cities and the Farmers of North Dakota

WE RATHER RESENTED ALIGHTING from the train that afternoon when we arrived in St. Paul. One can grow so accustomed to the roar and noise of the wheels and the jostling of the railroad as to miss the motion when one is deprived of it. The train stopped at Minneapolis first, where the Prince and Princess alighted and, under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Washburn, were taken to the tennis club to get some healthy exercise, which was the only thing we lacked in our moving palace. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, having originally come from Minneapolis, asked to do the honors in their native home. They had arranged for a group of young people to meet the Prince and Princess, and the two could hardly wait for a few hours of the informality they had been longing for ever since they reached America. They were taken through a flour mill of the city and later to the country club where the Princess played tennis in a driving rain, while the indefatigable reporters cornered the Prince. He is a rather shy chap but acquitted himself creditably (considering the posers

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that were put to him!). He stated that he had not come to America to hunt a bride, wealthy or otherwise, and when asked what he thought about the American flapper he said, "They are an old story. Every time I go to Paris I see a lot of them." He also said he did not believe that marriage outside of royalty was advisable as it created so many difficulties. "It really isn't fair to the girl, you know," he said. "Besides, there are too many attractive princesses." Which I thought left things as ambiguous as a diplomat could ask. Some time later when several of us were chatting with Princess Ileana, and had mentioned that her mother said she wanted her to make a love match and at the same time marry royalty, Ileana answered lightly that she didn't think that was at all inconsistent, as princes could be as attractive as other men, and Prince Nicholas, whom we hadn't seen near, piped up hopefully, "Look at me. I am a prince, and don't I do all right?"

At the flour mill his sister said to him when he donned the white linen cloak and miller's cap to protect his clothing, "You look like an apache, Nicky." Nicholas appeared in his glory studying the mechanics of flour making. Meanwhile, the Queen, who had gone on to St. Paul on the train, was taken from the station, where she stood on a decorated platform facing the huge crowd and receiving the addresses of a group of her compatriots, into a radio room where she delivered a short address, inviting the farmers of North Dakota to come

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on the train with their wives and children to meet her when the train was to stop at the various cities along the way the next day. At each stop two farmers and their wives were invited to come on board the train and ride with her so as to chat informally over the many questions she wished to ask them about their homes, their schools, their farming operations, to take their progressiveness to her own people, to make her trip more enduring than the mere pleasure of it would be. She said one reason for her desire to see America was to find out at first hand how the farmers here are meeting their agricultural problems, how we have built up our remarkable transportation systems and developed the flour mills and other industrial enterprises kindred to farming. She said she would lay aside her rôle as Queen and meet typical American citizens informally the next day when she was to journey through North Dakota; that Roumania was also a large farming country and her people had the same problems as those of the Northwest, and everything they could tell her was of interest to her heart. She was taken from the radio station to her automobile, and motored to the Minnesota State Capitol with the escort of a band and a battalion of infantry, an imposing military demonstration. At the Capitol the Queen met Governor Christianson and his wife, and the Minneapolis reception committee headed by the Mayor. The question of silk hats and cutaways had caused much havoc here, and each person

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decided to do as he pleased on this subject, resulting in an interesting variety of costumes. After the ceremony at the Capitol the Queen went to the only Roumanian Orthodox Church in St. Paul, a little structure beyond the railroad tracks, shabby and poor. Here, as in Philadelphia and Montreal, she was greeted with that same childlike enthusiasm by her fellow countrymen. Late in the afternoon the Queen motored to Minneapolis where the chief citizens were presented at the Minneapolis Institute of Art. In spite of the pouring rain, great crowds lined the streets to see her pass. Nothing seemed to dampen the ardor of these western demonstrations. We felt the new breezy spirit of it through all. That evening we were guests at a dinner and reception at the home of Mr. Louis W. Hill, a son of the late James J. Hill, and Chairman of the Board of the Great Northern Railroad. A snowstorm whirling in icy spangles powdered us before we reached there, motoring through the glorious cold night. This party was very delightful and homelike. Since it was the first private invitation which had been accepted, it was quite a relief after the exceedingly formal banquets and pompous affairs which we had attended. The Queen looked particularly young that night as she wore a more informal frock of pale pink crêpe de chine with one string of pearls and no head ornament. Princess Ileana wore a frock similar. We left this hospitable house with much regret to return to our train where the Queen sent out



THE QUEEN IS VESTED WITH TRIBAL HONORS
BY AN ABORIGINAL CHIEFTAIN



QUEEN MARIE DONS A TWO GALLON HAT TO
FRATERNIZE WITH THE PLAINSMEN

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a proclamation that she hoped no high hats would raise their shiny heads in North Dakota the next day.

I do not know what has come over the Colonel. He and I spent several hours together this afternoon. He took my arm most affectionately and asked me to take him back to the car where he had some business to transact, that Washburn being in Minneapolis he had no one to escort him. Of course, I gladly consented and we had quite a sociable time, for no one knows better how to exert his particular charm—when he wants to. The journey is now well organized and all bids fair to proceed without any further interruptions. I retired to-night exhausted after a long hard day, but somewhat relieved as to our future prospects.

Monday, November 1.

The sun is shining brightly enough but the landscape is bleak and bare. November, the saddest month of the year, is beginning. I wish the Queen might have chosen a pleasanter season in which to see our country. It seems to me nothing appears at its best in November, especially in this wild western country where the spring and summer vegetation lends a caressing beauty to the severe countryside. All the national parks are closed now, and the Queen will not see the real glory of our western scenery. We are in North Dakota, and, true to her promise, the Queen has been receiving farmers at each small

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town where we stop. There are two of these in the observation car with her now with their wives and children—plain, upstanding people, “clever” in the old country use of the word, and as she knows much about farming in her own country she is getting some fine points from these experienced people of the soil in the West. She seems to be so intensely interested in what they are telling her. Great crowds collect at all the places where we stop, as the installments of farmers continue dropping off after an hour’s ride. Her radio message from St. Paul concerning that unique and endearing idea has evidently had a far-reaching effect. Western generosity has known no bounds. She has been offered everything on earth to take back to Roumania, a plow, a harvesting machine, a cow, a few horses, a sewing machine, and too many other useful and I might say untransportable articles to mention. I think she will have to charter a ship if she takes them all!

When the Queen came into her reception car at Dickinson, North Dakota, to meet some of these farmers she was dressed in the Roumanian costume. It was the most beautiful and becoming thing she had worn since coming to America. It consisted of a long white robe embroidered in old rose and gold over which was a cloak affair of old rose linen embroidered at the shoulders in great diamond shaped patterns of dull blue and gold. On her feet were red leather boots from Transylvania, and on her

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head was the marama, a white veil which covered her hair and passed beneath her chin. Princess Ileana came after her wearing a long white embroidered cloak with a black scarf bound around her head. The train rounded a curve as the Queen entered the reception car and threw her squarely into the lap of Mr. Sperry, one of the farmers of Bismarck. Queen Marie laughed as Mr. Sperry helped her up. "That certainly was an informal introduction," she exclaimed.

Seeing the Queen in this most picturesque garb of her country reminded me of my visits in Roumania, when all the members of Her Majesty's entourage, and her guests as well, wore these superb costumes which are veritable works of art. It was while we were in the Carpathian Mountains, where Queen Marie lives the simple life during the summer months at the Palace of Pellice in Sinaia and the wonderful old feudal castle of Bran in Transylvania. I love the castle of Bran—this marvelous relic of feudal days, a massive building on top of a high hill with thick walls resembling a fortress, for which purpose it was originally constructed. This fantastic remnant of past ages became the property of Queen Marie after the War and is her favorite abode and refuge from the cares and worries of state. She has devoted much loving thought to the furnishing of this old mass, trying to reproduce as closely as possible the atmosphere of by-gone ages in the interior of the building as well as in the embellish-

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ments of the courtyards and the exterior. When the Queen asked me to select any photograph of her I desired, I chose the one with this majestic castle in the background and with Her Majesty standing under the shadow of this fine building in the meadow below, dressed, as I saw her then, in the peasant costume of her country which I so admire.

An interesting article on the costumes and needlework of Roumania appeared in one of our current papers from which I take the liberty of quoting.

"The costumes of the peasants of Roumania, whether they are of Transylvania, Bessarabia, Bukovina or yet the roving Tzigani, enchant one with their wonderful sense of color and sometimes miraculous needlework which make of these extraordinary national costumes a most prolific source of inspiration. We are all familiar with the various photographs of Queen Marie of Roumania wearing the traditional costume of the simple peasant folk, but there are many who have never visualized the exquisite color combinations, the amazing sense of values displayed by these people. They are really costumes to delight the soul and satisfy the sense of coquetry of the most blasée élégante. The needlework and embroidery done upon these national costumes are simply prodigious. One wonders how any fingers, however nimble, could find the time to finish it all with such exquisite effect. . . . The aprons which the peasants wear would make a book of very agreeable reading. They are often completely cov-

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ered with the most lovely designs which are beautifully symmetrical and then embroidered and covered with beautiful sequins. . . . The kerchief too is one of the most becoming and charming of headdresses, and one finds that the piquancy of the ruddy-faced girls is vastly enhanced by this graceful and becoming mode. Queen Marie is especially partial to it. Her auburn beauty is enhanced by the soft folds of this kerchief. The visit of Her Majesty Queen Marie of Roumania will doubtless inspire all the smart dressmakers and modistes to invent fashions and styles which will endure long after this inspiring person has left our shores."

We have been hearing through the newspaper people on the train that the New York papers are full of information about the state of health of the King of Roumania. They say he is suffering from every conceivable ailment, but the Roumanians on the train deny this. On the Queen's birthday a telegram was received saying that the King sent his love and was in Sinaia in the Carpathian Mountains resting and feeling much better, and that he was so pleased to hear of the Queen's great success. Queen Marie was cheered by this good news, and does not seem to be at all anxious since receiving this telegram.

At Fargo, Valley City, Bismarck, and Mandan huge crowds collected around the train. Romance is not yet dead when a beautiful woman who is a queen can collect such crowds as we have seen all

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along the line from East to West—rough hardy farmers, cowboys, Indians, mechanics, men of the soil and people of high position and of low—all her willing slaves and admirers. I have always said that the American is the most idealistic and romantic creature, poetic and imaginative, in spite of all the commercialism of our life to-day. Now I am convinced of this fact! Where else in the world could one woman attract such crowds, tell me?

Queen Marie spoke to them all from the rear platform, and always asked if there were any Roumanians among them, and as they emerged from the crowd she shook hands with them all. At Mandan we had a unique ceremony, one that I was specially happy for the Queen to see, for her own imaginative eye well appreciates that this is the heart of the ancient days of America. A large company of Indians in their native costumes, with wonderful feather headdresses covered with beads, and beaded sandals, escorted the Queen from the train to the entrance of their tepee where she was initiated with all the cabalistic formulas into the tribe and became the "War Woman of the Sioux Indians." The Queen was asked to be seated on a buffalo robe which was spread on the ground, and six of the chiefs carried her with great ceremony into the tepee where we were told later they pricked her finger and took a few drops of blood and offered mysterious incantations, giving her the title of "Winyan Kipanpi Win," which means "The Woman Who Was Waited For."

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A war bonnet symbolic of the high estate of the wearer was placed on the Queen's head by Chief Red Soma Tomabarok as a badge of her acceptance into the tribe and I think every photograph taken that day shone with her delighted smile. The tent was crowded with innumerable Indians, men and women, all in full costume, while a drum was beaten and a dance of braves and squaws around the Queen completed the ceremonies. The old ruling chief who helped carry the Queen to the ceremonial tepee was the same who killed Sitting Bull. There were a number of young Indian girls in the crowd, all of whom seemed to be well educated and intelligent. They told me they were attending the Government school in the Indian Reservation. That afternoon we stopped at a place called Medora where a whirling cloud of golden dust finally settled to disclose a crowd of cowboys and young women on broncos riding up to the train, to give a Wild Western welcome. We had been told that the Queen wished to ride here, and as she always uses a side saddle a few had been taken along from St. Paul. I had my riding breeches as I prefer the regular Western saddle when riding these horses. So the Queen, Princess Ileana, Prince Nicholas and I mounted and rode out with the cowboys to the mountains. Major Washburn accompanied us. The rest followed in automobiles. We had the happiest sort of time, and Queen Marie enjoyed every moment of the freedom of movement, looking exceedingly well in her English riding habit,

CHAPTER TWELVE

Mr. Samuel Hill, the Dreamer of the Northwest

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

We are in Montana. It is rainy and dull. The scenery is beginning to get more mountainous as we approach the foothills of the Rockies. At Helena a vast crowd met the train, and the Governor of Montana read an address. The Queen responded with much cordiality and while she spoke her black spaniel, accompanied by a liveried Roumanian groom, was paraded up and down the platform on a nickel chain. He was extremely aristocratic, and refused to associate with the other dogs who tried hospitably to make his acquaintance. As we were to arrive in Spokane at 7.30 that evening, we were busy most of the day writing letters and sending dispatches as usual. The Queen that day remained in her car alone as it was for her a day of mourning. It was the anniversary of the death of her youngest child Mircea who died during the war.

Spokane is in the so-called "Inland Empire," the heart of the Pacific Northwest, and we found a populous thriving city spread out on one of those superb natural locations that so commend the pio-

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neer's vision. There is a halo of pioneer memories around the city, since it was settled so recently as 1872. How glad the wayfaring hearts must have been to find an arrangement of nature so kind to the needs of men of vision who could see in forest and wilderness a dream city gleaming miragelike across the untouched undergrowth. The high ground that the pioneer found there is used as a residential section, no doubt as he planned, and the broad business streets are nearer the water front and the water power. They tell us that the fine railway beds of the Northern Pacific over which we traveled were laid in 1881, opening up this fertile country to a world tired of the beaten paths, and that Spokane has grown marvelously ever since.

Arrived there, a great delegation came on board the train with wonderful bouquets of orchids and roses for the Princess. All the élite of the town turned out and escorted the Queen with a military band through the streets to the Hotel Davenport, where a reception had been planned. Here Indians in native costumes danced a war dance at the foot of her throne, and here the Prince and the Princess were initiated into the tribe, and were called "Roaring Wind" and "Red Bird." An interesting part of the performance was when an Indian princess in a gorgeous costume was presented to the Queen, a very picture of noble beauty. One saw in this girl the nobility of a dispossessed people, a proud race ousted from sovereignty, residing on parts and par-

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cels of their once limitless dominions which to-day make the glory of a newer white-skinned civilization while the original owners are left to a bureaucracy of white-collared clerks. The Indians then disappeared, and the reception took place.

I was about to nod in the midst of this when suddenly I saw Mr. Sam Hill's leonine head in the crowd. There he stood, a perfect giant of a man, with his shaggy white head and his ruddy kindly face, reminding me more of a childhood dream of Santa Claus than any one I had ever seen. He then stopped spellbound at the foot of the flight of steps leading to the throne and gazed at the Queen. Then he threw himself down on one knee and kissed her hand. No one, with an understanding heart or a sense of drama could witness that scene entirely unmoved. I fairly believe that no one needed to know the names or the circumstances, the stage directions or the mental footnotes of that act, to understand that here was Don Quixote at the feet of Dulcinea. Mr. Hill, perhaps, is the epitome of that streak of knight-errantry which characterizes so paradoxically the genus American Man. They set out with the will-to-gain that was Shylock's and yet, when their bounty is gathered, those little frail ideals that only extreme youth could harbor, instead of dying in the dry atmosphere of the counting house, are brought out pristine as when new, from some strange mental storage where they were hidden, not buried but fostered. Then in the latter

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days, with the candor of children building with blocks, they set out to erect, endow, educe those ephemeral fancies which the sterner years of young manhood had denied. For the time is turned toward the setting sun and one begins to value that which weighs the most. We have Morgan, Carnegie, Munsey, we have too many, to illustrate and we need none better than Mr. Sam Hill of Washington.

He knelt at the feet of his beau-idéal and tasted the realization of a dream. It was the first time they had met in America. For some mysterious reason, a boyish idealism to welcome his Beata Domina on his own land, no doubt, he had refused to go out on the Mayor's private launch that was to meet the "Leviathan" on the Queen's arrival in New York harbor; and after all the time he had spent in New York anticipating her arrival, and although he had made many of the arrangements for her journey in the Western states, he never appeared on the scene until we reached his own state of Washington where he had come on his private car. Mrs. Spreckels and Miss Fuller also arrived in Spokane that day direct from New York. The meeting between Colonel Carroll and Mr. Hill was most cordial, although Hill, it seemed, never for a moment took his eyes off the Queen. When she arose from the throne, he escorted her upstairs to a large drawing-room where she had promised to speak over the radio to the people of the Northwest. No sooner did we get into

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this room than the Bishop of Washington appeared and, after greeting the Queen, said in a loud voice, "Let us pray." He prayed a long prayer for the Queen and every member of the royal family, and expressed our gratitude for our safe arrival in Washington State. At his conclusion, Queen Marie gave a short speech in front of the radio, and then the spotlights and the indefatigable photographers did their work to reproduce her in a black crêpe dress with gold brocade, and an ermine coat with a black fur collar. After the refreshments, we returned to the train to find that an extra car had been attached where Miss Fuller, Mr. Hill and the others were comfortably installed.

Wednesday, November 3.

This is the great day for which we have been traveling many hundreds of miles—the climax of our journey. To-day the Museum at Maryhill is to be dedicated by the Queen. At 7.30 A.M. we stopped at the station of Maryhill, a small western village with a white wooden Methodist church and a few frame buildings, including the country store which, in our western towns, serves as a meeting house, club house and general utility place. A fine road stretched from the railroad station up a steep hill and wound its way along the side of a mountain to the end where stood the museum of Maryhill. The country all around is rugged, queer shapes of rock apparently volcanic in formation jut out on all

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sides, while below winds the Columbia River with a road along either bank. These roads, which are marvels of engineering and dreaming, were built through the intervention of Mr. Hill, who has indeed left his mark on the State of Washington where he grew up and which he loves with an intense affection. It was a wild landscape that met our eyes when we descended from the train. Mr. Hill as he gallantly escorted the Queen to the car, was a picturesque figure in his broad-brimmed Western hat, with the sun shining brightly on his rosy face and shaggy white eyebrows. He looked like a hero who had stepped out of a book of legends, his great broad shoulders and kindly smile vivified and exalted with his delight. Quixotic he may be, but one could not help loving his great enthusiasm and devotion to the Queen.

The ambition of his life, it seems, had been reached at this moment when he was about to escort Her Majesty to the museum which had so long awaited her arrival. It had been started during the War, but was left uncompleted owing to the lack of workmen. At a distance we could see the white concrete building standing out against the sky. Mr. Sam Hill and the Queen, dressed in her gray karakul coat with hat to match, rode in an open car and led the procession up the steep ascent, the rest following. It took about twenty minutes to reach the uncompleted concrete house which is most peculiar in architecture, like a dream that had become a bit

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distorted in translation to the medium of the real. As the road runs directly through the building, the automobiles took us right into the main hall where the Queen alighted at the foot of the throne and mounted the steps. The decorations of yellow chrysanthemums and Roumanian flags in this large hall helped to take away from the bareness of the building as it is absolutely devoid of any decorations and very unfinished, not even having windows nor furniture of any kind. Mr. Hill, who presided, after the national anthems, introduced the former Governor of Washington, who made a brief speech describing how this building came to be erected by Mr. Hill, praising his broad vision in building a museum in this place and prophesying the great multitude that it would one day attract. He spoke of Mr. Hill's devotion to the Queen, and of the value of her visit to Maryhill; and referred to the collection of art objects which the Queen had brought with her all the way from Roumania to be deposited in this shrine. Then Mr. Hill rose, looking very majestic, shining like the sun. He told in simple language of the dream he had always cherished of having Queen Marie come from far-off Roumania to dedicate this building, and now his dream had come true. He spoke of what her friendship had meant to him; that she was a woman of remarkable attainments and human sympathies which had been proved in the War when she nursed the sick and cared for the blind and ministered in the

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trenches and in the hospitals; that he was her devoted friend and she could call on him as long as he lived; that he wished this museum to be a center of art. He then introduced M. Tirman, who had also brought a collection of art objects from France. In a speech in French M. Tirman said he brought the good-will of the French people. Then Mr. Hill introduced the Queen. She rose gravely and gave one of the best speeches that I have heard her deliver since the beginning of her trip. Many people in the audience were moved to tears by the sincerity and weight of her purpose in speaking. She alluded to the cause of her visit, and her devotion to Mr. Hill who has always been a loyal friend. She then said that loyalty to friends had always been her code. She alluded to the trivial criticism of her friendship for Loie Fuller, but she said that no amount of criticism could alter her loyalty; that Miss Fuller had proven her friendship in the time of great trials, and had stood by her in the darkest hours of the War. She said that this building, although uncompleted and bare, represented a great ideal for which she, as well as her friend Mr. Sam Hill, stood. It was an ideal of beauty. She hoped that after she was gone this ideal would live on, and that the finished building would be a source of joy to many. She doubted whether she would ever come this way again, but she would never forget this occasion as long as she lived.

In spite of the bareness and crudeness of the



QUEEN MARIE DELIVERS THE DEDICATORY ADDRESS AT THE MARYHILL MUSEUM

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building, the occasion was made unforgettable by the sincerity of the words spoken in it. It did represent an ideal which may perhaps have been quixotic, as most ideals are in the beginning, but I individually felt that this occasion would bear fruit. There was something romantic—almost visionary—in the visit of a queen from a far-off country to this shrine, which moved me and many of those present. I well realized that this occasion might appear ridiculous in some measure to many, but it is like that previous occasion the poet related where many came to scoff but remained to pray. Standing so courageously as she did in defense of her ideals has no doubt given rise to much comment but there are qualities of greatness about this woman that deflect the arrows of criticism, and, after all, what is gossip but the usual accompaniment of life? Are not all these criticisms trifles compared with the ideal of womanhood and nobility of character which the Queen has exhibited in the face of great emergencies?

We all followed the Queen and her happy escort out of the building on to the terrace. Far below in the open space on the plain great crowds were assembled who had heard the speeches which were repeated by the loud speaker. They cheered as she approached the wall of the terrace. Baskets containing carrier pigeons were presented to her, and as she opened the door of each cage the bird flew out, carrying the message of Maryhill to other parts

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of the world. When we turned our backs on this embryo temple of beauty to descend the hill, I personally had the conviction that something real would come out of this dream, if not in an expression of art, at least words which had been spoken that day would surely bear fruit.

The automobile drive along the Columbia Highway, following this ceremony, had been planned by Mr. Hill with much care and thought. He wanted the Queen to see this marvelous road, another dream set up now in concrete, which winds through one of the most enchanting scenes in America. I had no idea that anything so magnificent existed in the State of Washington, in all my travels I never saw greater natural beauty. It was a heavenly brisk day, flooded with sunshine. The road was perfect, winding through rugged hills of queer castellated shapes, some terraced, some impish almost in their curious formations, and past the white veils of water falls. We wound in and out, and up and down steep slopes to a rugged granite building on a high hill where we had tea. After four hours of this very diversified scenery our eyes were quite exhausted, and we were glad to realize that we were approaching Portland, which was the end of our journey.

This great city of the Northwest has an approach that is positively breath-taking. If Nature in her jewelry work has prepared a more beautiful setting, raised nobler peaks and mountains hoary with snow in the clouds, spread a more prodigal panorama,

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given finer air and clearer light, to a gem of a city, I do not know it. And then, not satisfied with all these gifts, she so disports her temperatures and rain about it that you may at one time hold the perfect petaled head of a rose in your hand and feast your eyes on snows. Mount Hood, rising white-capped in the clouds of the far horizon, has that integral, solitary spirit of Fujiyama with all the cold clear splendor of an Alpine setting. Shallower hills fall away below it, unintrusive on majesty, and lower still, we saw the magnificent vista of a valley spotted with little cubes that turned into vast modern skyscrapers as we neared them and separated into orderly rows on smooth boulevards leading us to our hotel for a comfortable rest. It, too, like the water falls springing alive out of the roadsides approaching the city, has an Indian name, Multnomah. The lovely purling syllables of Indian speech are rightly placed for harmony in a country so lately their own, where every fresh outlook of nature seems so perfect a setting for their simplicity and dignity, where the shades of those braves in the Happy Hunting Grounds must surely love to linger.

At the hotel I met my old friend, Bishop Sumner of Oregon, who had flowers and a letter in my room to greet me upon my arrival. Though we had little time in Portland, we could tell that a veritable beehive of plans had been afoot to make the time memorable. After the grandeur of natural scenery such as we had seen that day, however, man's best

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bib-and-tucker efforts over formal affairs suffered by comparison.

That evening there was a big dinner party given in the banquet hall of the hotel by Mr. Hill. There was another of those hollow square tables that always awe me, savoring as they do so much of long speeches, and there was all the accompaniment of wreathing flowers and fine viands. In order to get to a horse-show scheduled for late that evening, we had to leave in the midst of the dinner which drew itself out, as dinners of state are wont to do, beyond its allotted time. The splendid horses, as proud as humans of their marvelous display of beauty and skill, gave a very creditable performance. I thought this entertainment so much more suitable to a young country than the operas and ballets of an older civilization, and I liked the arrangement of having the automobiles drive right into the arena to deposit the Queen at the entrance to her box; after the show was over the same decorated cars came for us and took us out of the arena direct to the railway station from which we left at midnight for Seattle.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Tilts at Windmills

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

With two such devoted admirers of Her Majesty's charm as are aboard, there is bound to arise some *mêlée*. The Queen, like the perfect guest she is, and, I might add, philosopher also, ignores all unpleasantness and goes quietly about her business of being America's honored guest. It is only out of the conflict of characters that any drama whatever arises, and the thought of this long trip drawn out to an eternity of tedium by people all on their P's and Q's would drive me to a head-long plunge into the Columbia River. The newspapers somewhat distorted the facts and got all out of shape like a boa constrictor who has swallowed a kid whole.

We were to arrive in Seattle, Mr. Hill's "home town," at eleven o'clock, where a huge parade had been organized to escort us through the city to a luncheon especially arranged by him; but our dear friend is to be disappointed in his cherished scheme as the train stopped this morning at 7.30 at a Western town which had miraculously grown up overnight, where there happened to be a "remarkable sawmill"—a place called Longwood. It was a bleak

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foggy morning, and we drove for miles over macadam roads and at last arrived at the mill, which was very interesting but might have been seen in other places, as the entourage said, who were greatly annoyed at having to arise so early. As we had gone off without any breakfast everybody was somewhat disagreeable, and in consequence of this delay we did not arrive in Seattle until after one o'clock—four hours late.

Mr. Hill was exceedingly annoyed on account of this performance. But things calmed down a bit when we arrived at Seattle, where Mr. Hill took the Queen under his wing and was "king for a day," having entire control of the situation for the time we spent in his town. The first thing we did was to stop at the Mayor's office. The Mayor, Mrs. Landis, has unfortunately been defeated in the recent elections. She, however, did the honors of the town very graciously. Mrs. Landis also accompanied the Queen and Mr. Hill through the beautiful city situated incomparably on hills overlooking Puget Sound. These Northwestern cities are positively amazing the way their sites have been selected by the pioneers to embody every necessary feature. Here in this "Queen City of the Northwest" they have on the west the wonderful harbor that could accommodate the shipping of the world, where pause the vessels bound for Alaska and the Orient, and on the east a fresh-water lake and the snow-covered Cascade Mountains. It is so cleverly,

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situated as to be easily reached from the interior for all shipping purposes; it is far enough inland to be protected from all ocean storms, and the climate, from all one hears and can see of the sturdy, high-colored people, makes "men that are men." One easily sees that it can be the great railway and marine center of the Northwest. Surrounded as it is by wood and water, fisheries and lumber mills abound. The people outside the charming, spruce little homes have an air of rested alertness, the content that comes from being in a city that has room to use every man's efforts, to grow.

At one high school we visited—the Roosevelt—a fine lot of young people crowded the high flight of steps leading to the front door—boys and girls looking the picture of health. A few of them ushered the Queen up the front steps while the rest of the assembled crowd shouted "M-A-R-I-E" in unison a number of times, ending with a loud war-whoop. When the Queen reached the top landing, she saw a row of red-headed girls, and she immediately remembered that she had been corresponding with these girls for some time as they had sent her their pictures to Roumania, and called themselves "The Red-Headed Band." They seemed like old friends, she said. It was a unique demonstration, and she enjoyed it thoroughly, and often laughed about it afterwards.

We then proceeded through the lovely city of Seattle, passing on the way the University of Wash-

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ington, a group of buildings possessing much dignity and charm. The Library Building in the Gothic style reminds one of King's Chapel at Eton, and the Forestry Building is a marvel of rustic architecture, being built of huge trunks of trees with their rough barks as nature made them. It is semi-circular in shape and most attractive, but unfortunately, I learned recently, an insect is devouring the wood so as to make the building almost unsafe. Concluding this tour of the fair city of Seattle, Sam Hill escorted his dear friend, Queen Marie, to the Yacht Club where we were greeted by a great crowd. It is a delightful place built on a cliff overlooking the bay, in the midst of a beautiful garden where the roses were blooming the same as if it were June. A group of pretty girls surrounded the Queen and led her to a spot in the garden where a very picturesque tree-planting ceremony took place.

At the reception following, I presented to Her Majesty Colonel Worthington Holliday, my friend, who was visiting in Seattle at that time. The Queen was most gracious to him. He went with us to Mr. Hill's to tea later.

The Dreamer's house is much like the Maryhill museum—built on high land overlooking the bay. The roof is its unique feature, covered with grass and turned into a veritable garden which overlooks all the glorious country surrounding. We dressed on the train that night, as no provisions had been

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made at the hotel, where Mr. Morris's customary clever arrangements were interfered with. He had always arranged for us to go to a hotel in each place where we were at least allowed a bath and some rest before dinner. But as Mr. Hill had insisted that he should do as he pleased in Seattle, Mr. Morris stepped aside. The dinner in Seattle was given by the Seattle Business Women's Club, and Mr. Hill gave an address telling the Queen's interest in the business women of America and introducing a friend of his in the audience who looked more like Uncle Sam than any one I have ever seen. This gentleman, with his goatee and his scrawny, loose-jointed figure, walked straight across the hall, and standing opposite the Queen with his hands on the table, began to lecture her. He said that perhaps America could teach *her* something; that we could perhaps tell *her* something about business and industry and organization which they didn't know in her country; that on the spot where she was standing lions and wolves prowled not more than forty years ago. How was that for progress? She smiled at him while he talked, and then arose and said that she had already learned much in America; that she marveled at the great gift of organization possessed by us, which had built these wonderful cities. She said that she rejoiced to find a woman mayor in Seattle, which also marked great progress, and that the business women of America were a marvel to her; but that she also realized that beauty must not

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be neglected in the scheme of life. The tree-planting ceremony that day, she said, convinced her that they had not forgotten it.

Friday, November 5.

At 8 A.M. we found that the train had stopped at a place called Blaine, on the border of Canada. Mr. Hill had stated very distinctly that he wished to escort the Queen and her children to his house where they would have breakfast together. He implied that nobody else was invited. The dear man had his way, except for one or two of the entourage who said it was their duty to accompany Her Majesty. Later they told me that when they entered the house a few young ladies were there to wait on the Queen, who took her into the kitchen where the batter was all ready for the pancakes, and this she poured with her own hands on to the electric frying-pan, and the family sat down to eat "pancakes and honey" which a queen had prepared. It was a quaint performance and our friend Mr. Sam Hill reigned supreme that day.

We left for Vancouver at ten o'clock. Here we were met by the Mayor, and by Lieutenant-Governor Bruce, a dear man, who took the Queen on a tour around the town. We drove through Stanley Park, with its magnificent cedar trees and all its primeval beauty left intact. At the luncheon given by the Mayor everything was done in a most punctilious and formal fashion, for we were in Canada again. Beautiful engraved souvenirs were given us

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at the table, as was the case in nearly every place we lunched or dined, so that I have a monumental collection of these mementos which will probably require another trunk to cart home. After toasts were drunk, the Mayor announced that there would be no more speeches as the time was so short and there was so much to be seen.

Our first stop of the excursion was at the University of British Columbia, an agricultural college and, as such, all the developments especially appealed to the Queen, as did the botanical gardens. We got our feet full of mud there, as the rain had been pouring, and we were glad to reach our hotel again where we could make ourselves comfortable. A reception of hundreds of women took place after our return there, at which the Queen again spoke and enlisted the sympathies of the Canadian women.

Lieutenant-Governor Bruce quite lost his heart to Her Majesty, and he and the committee outdid themselves that night at a most magnificent banquet, one of the finest and most picturesque of our entire trip. A colorful group of Scotch bagpipers in their kilts led the Queen into the banquet hall, and a truly noble feast was served to the music of pipes in wild Highland skirls. Everything that could be done to honor a queen and a charming lady was done that night. I sat next to a gentleman, evidently one of the leading men in Vancouver, who edified me on the subject of middle age, saying that people should learn to be sensible as they grow older and not expect to live

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with the same ardor at forty-five as at eighteen. I learned afterward that he was divorced and had just married a pretty young girl! He was wearing countless decorations, as were all the officials, including the Queen who wore the Star of the Empire, something out of the usual for her. The dinner was followed by a dance, at which the Prince and Princess were thoroughly enjoying themselves when the hour came to leave. In the meantime, the Queen, beautiful in the jade-green velvet frock with a long train and her loveliest tiara, was holding court in a room off the ballroom. During the dance I sat next a Canadian woman who presumably took me for a Roumanian as she began to malign the United States, saying that we were a nation of upstarts and that our influence was contaminating Canada. I let her talk as I was amused to learn her real opinion about us, and anything I might have said would not have changed her point of view. She was that kind of woman.

At dinner there was a great deal of discussion as to whether we should go on to Victoria. The Lieutenant-Governor had arranged a special ship of the Empress Line to take us across to the island, and Mr. Hill was doing his utmost to disarrange all the plans of the train and include this excursion. After a council of war in an antechamber, at which Mr. Morris held out for adhering to the original plans, the idea of Victoria was abandoned and we turned our faces toward Seattle that night.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Peace Arch—Glacier National Park

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.
Early this morning the train stopped at Blaine again and, according to our friend Sam Hill's pet scheme, we proceeded to visit the Peace Arch, another of the dreams of his life, which he had erected here to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of peace between the United States and Canada. He told me he felt that these arches should be built all over the world, and should take the place of fortifications which were only a barrier and a menace. His peace arch rides across a frontier where no gun has ever been fired. Above the portal is engraved the motto, "Children of One Mother," on one side, and on the other, "No Gate Will Ever Be Closed Here." We were rather disillusioned but not really surprised to find that this arch of which we had heard so much was, like the Maryhill museum, built of stucco and in a rather dilapidated condition, studded with electric lights.

In his speech Mr. Hill said that the Canadian-American frontier was unique in the world; that it stretched over three thousand miles unguarded by any fort; that this should be a symbol for all fron-

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tiers; and that it had been his dream to have the Queen consecrate the ground with her presence.

The Queen answered that she was very happy to be here and honor her friend; that she hoped this arch would be one of many to come which would break the barrier of all frontiers and unite the nations in love. Mr. Hill's face glowed with delight as she spoke and there was a general feeling of goodwill. He was to leave the train when we reached the borders of Washington State.

The rest of the day was very hectic and one felt the absence of Mr. Morris's guiding hand as nobody knew exactly what they were to do next, and we were continually jumping on and off the train and taking motor rides in a most disorderly fashion. This was the day of Mr. Hill's supremacy. Everybody had stepped aside and given him free rein.

The Prince and Princess, who are mad about motoring, took advantage of this opportunity to run their cars to Seattle. We saw them from the train windows while we were at lunch and they had much fun trying to keep up with us, to our encouraging shouts. That afternoon Mme. Procopiu and I went shopping in Seattle while Her Majesty was the guest of Mr. Hill. He must have been overjoyed to have at last a real talk with Her Majesty.

At the dinner party that evening at Mr. Hill's house, the Mayor, Mrs. Landis, and her husband, a professor at the University, and the Governor and his wife, were also guests. Mr. Hill made no at-

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tempt to disguise his sadness at parting from the Queen. His adoring knightly devotion is most unusual and, as she said in her speech at Maryhill, she knew there was no sacrifice too great for him to make for her. When we left Mr. Sam Hill's house that night we knew that this was to be "Good-by" and the dinner, therefore, was not extremely amusing under the circumstances. The lady Mayor, swathed in pink tulle, sat next to the Queen who was dressed in a black chiffon and velvet gown very much in keeping with this rather somber occasion.

That afternoon I had been to the hairdresser, and when the shop-girls found I was one of the royal party they all gathered around ecstatically to have me tell them about Queen Marie. They clapped their hands with delight when I described her gowns and jewels, and got a great thrill out of it. When I left they presented me with a box of toilet preparations to take to Her Majesty with their most sincere compliments. She seemed quite touched with this gift when I delivered it to her after we reached our cars.

Sunday, November 7.

Somehow I woke this morning completely exhausted. They say in the papers to-day that the Queen herself is feeling the strain, and I can well understand this. Besides the physical exhaustion which we all suffer, she must be fagged out with her constant mental exertions, for she writes and

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speaks from the train constantly. The first sign she has given of lagging energy was to-day when she sent for Mr. Morris and asked him to cut down the programs and dispense with some of the banquets.

In the afternoon, after several stops along the way, we arrived in Spokane, lying at the foot of the mountains, where the Queen was received at the Country Club and presented with a Red Indian doll in war dress and also with countless bouquets to add to her store of gifts which accumulate day by day. That evening we passed the northern part of Idaho, where the Governor came aboard and visited with the Queen. I sat and talked with Mr. Shipley and Mr. Kenyon, the secret service man, who told me with much gusto many interesting stories about train disasters, robberies and murders, until late into the night, when I went to my uneasy couch.

Monday, November 8.

At 7 A.M., the usual hour for rising on the royal train, my maid knocked and brought me my breakfast. The sun was just rising, as I pushed the curtains aside, over the snow-buried mountains in a narrow pass of the Rocky Mountains.

It was cold and snowy when we arrived at Glacier Park Station about an hour later, but we were all enthused over the sights the Queen was to see. Nearby a hotel, made of great logs still in their rough bark, marks the entrance to the park which,

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at this time of the year is closed, unfortunately, and the roads on account of the snowdrifts are so impassable that we could go no farther. In the distance, tantalizingly out of reach, we saw the high peaks and felt all the lure of the untrammelled wilderness.

Indians, surrounding a group of tepees erected in honor of the Queen's visit, met us and as soon as the royal party approached, they began to dance and beat on drums. Here again she was presented with a war-bonnet of eagle feathers. The costumes of these Blackfoot Indians differed greatly from those of the tribe in North Dakota. Here they were dressed in white leather garments ornamented with many beads, with ermine tails and skins hanging from their vestments. A rugged, weather-beaten old chief, nearly blind, gave a long dissertation, standing within a few inches of the Queen's ear. He spoke in the language of the tribe and hailed the Queen by the new name of "Morning Star." He then addressed his remarks to the Prince and called him "Mountain Chief." The delighted Princess in the meantime was led into a tepee by the Indian women who clothed her in a white skin robe similar to their own, embroidered in quantities of blue beads and with a belt of blue and sandals to match. They put on her a war-bonnet of eagle feathers, and her face was painted a bright red. When she emerged from the tent and the old chief addressed

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s attention to her, he called her "Pretty Dove" while the tribe cheered loudly. Afterwards all sat down on the ground on both sides of two long logs and began beating the wood with sticks and bones to accompany a chant. There was the very feeling of another world sounding in their spaced cadences, mournful and wild. The Queen witnessed the whole enthralling ceremony with all the delight of her imaginative heart.

It was nine o'clock when we left Glacier Park. I was asked to take breakfast with Colonel Carroll. He cannot fail to see the Colonel's side of the matter when one realizes how difficult it is to control such a mixed crowd of people as forms the constituency of the train at present. He necessarily has to be firm. So much has been said on the subject that I need not elaborate. It is not easy to control or organize so large a party.

On my way through the train I stopped to see Miss Loie Fuller, and found her in bed, propped up with pillows and swathed in chiffons. Her keen eyes peered at me over her tortoiseshell spectacles as I entered. She had been a lifetime friend of Mr. Will and was sorry to see him leave. She told me that she would probably leave the party shortly as she wished to get back to New York to adjust her affairs before returning to Europe. Her adoration of the Queen is beyond words. I believe there is nothing she would not do for her. Such disinterested friendship is rare indeed. I consider her a

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woman of far-sighted intelligence. With it she is a dreamer and a philosopher.

The Queen is keenly appreciative of these traits in her friend, and gave expression to her faith in Miss Fuller in her speech at Maryhill. That day we were invited to lunch with the Queen in her car, and we referred to Miss Fuller's devotion, and the Queen spoke with much tenderness.

We had such a jolly time at lunch. The two young people were there. They asked me a hundred questions about Chicago and what there was to do there. When I told Ileana of the wonderful swimming pool at the Women's Athletic Club, she fairly hugged me as she begged to be taken there. These quarters are rather cramped for an active, still growing girl. She was adorable that day in her prized Indian costume which is so becoming. The Prince said he would like to see the stockyards, but he wouldn't take the Princess there.

The Queen told us she had enjoyed her trip so much, with few exceptions, but one must take the bad with the good and the good had been *very* good. We spoke about different events of the journey, the banquet at Buffalo, the reception at Winnipeg, the ball at Vancouver, each unique in its way. I was shown a magnificent silver fox scarf which had been presented to the Queen at St. Paul. We had a delightfully informal time, one of those golden occasions when all is harmony. At Billings, Montana, more than five hundred people came to the Union

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Station to visit the palatial dining-car, all bedizened in the royal colors, which had been attached to Queen Marie's Special at Laurel.

Late in the afternoon we stopped to see the Anaconda copper smelters at Great Falls.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Denver

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

When I awoke I found we were passing through Wind River Canyon, some of the wildest scenery in the wildest section of our land. The train stopped in the midst of the canyon for us to get out and walk a bit and observe this glory of nature, over which the Roumanians were in ecstasies, and also to get a good view of the train. The Queen climbed up on the locomotive, and of course the photographers did not miss their opportunity. It was a brisk, sunshiny day and everybody was gay and alight someway, in harmony with the fine day and the sublimity of nature. After the many nights of riding on the train one feels anew the pleasure of any exercise, which is the only thing we don't get enough of on this venture.

One becomes very well acquainted on a trip of this kind. I had a pleasant chat this afternoon with Colonel Athanasesco, the Roumanian aide-de-camp, who has always been charming and thoughtful in his attentions. I must say the Roumanians on the train have exhibited the most perfect manners, and have minded their own business.

We stopped at Casper where we saw the oil wells

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of the Standard Oil Company. Here the Governor of Wyoming, a woman of very attractive appearance, boarded the train. Unfortunately she was defeated in the last elections. The women for the moment are getting the worst of it out West. Colonel Carroll gave a dinner in her honor to-night with the entourage present in full quota, the newspaper people and the "official" group. There were speeches, and the Colonel said he wanted everybody to know that no individual had spent a penny on this journey; that the railroads had combined, and that he had been given charge of the train. (As we all have known for some time!) M. Laptew grew very defiant as it was certainly not pleasant to have this information served up to them morning, noon and night, but Mr. Morris's speech following was a chef d'œuvre. He said that he believed the entourage and the guests on board fully appreciated their advantages. He thought that we should all try to look out of the windows more and enjoy the wonderful scenery through which we were passing, and, taking an example from this, look at things in a big broad way and have more unity and peace.

Wednesday, November 10.

This has been one of the unforgettable days. I am writing while all is fresh in my mind, propped up in bed at 11.00 P.M. We have just left Denver at "the end of a perfect day." From morning till evening we would not have changed a single note.

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Everybody was up early as we were to descend from the train at ten o'clock. Accompanied by the officials, the Queen began her journey through the town to the auditorium where thirteen thousand people, difficult as it may be to believe it, awaited her. The Queen was introduced to the multitude by Mr. L. Ward Bannister, chairman of the Committee, and after other short addresses, the Queen, radiant in ruby colored velvet and pearls, rose and expressed her joy in being among them. She dwelt more that day on her special interest in the Roumanians who had met her in the different places, and for whom she said she had especially come. A great number of them were in the front seats before her. Their intent dark gaze was concentrated on her as if to catch every word she said, and while she was speaking she advanced to the edge of the platform and, leaning over, addressed them personally, speaking very intensely, telling them they should not forget their fatherland; that they could be good American citizens and still remain loyal to the country of their birth. They seemed greatly heartened, and afterward children in Roumanian costume brought her baskets of flowers and she kissed them. There was an extraordinary and touching instance when a shriveled ancient woman climbed up on the platform and clung to her childishly until they drew her away. This incident is recorded in the local Denver paper to-day as follows:

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"To be presented at court in any European country is a much sought for honor among Americans, but to have a Queen keep thirteen thousand people waiting while she chats amiably with one is an honor that no one in Denver can boast of to-day but little Mrs. Mary Clegg, ninety-five years old, who interrupted the reception at the Municipal Auditorium this morning and, tottering to the side of the Queen, insisted upon an audience. Putting her arm around the waist of the little old lady, the Queen said, 'How old are you?' 'Ninety-five,' she answered, 'and I remember the day you were born, and the day when the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, your father, was born. I saw you and King Ferdinand come out of the church after the marriage ceremony while in London on a visit January 10, 1893. The sun broke through the clouds although the rain was falling. We call it queen's weather.'"

The house was crowded to the ceiling with the throng and overflow of excited people, but all was orderly, as was everything done in Denver that day.

I take my hat off to the municipal government of that city. All day long there was not a hitch in their plans. We drove on through the beautifully laid out city to the top of Lookout Mountain, along a winding road with glorious glimpses of the valley below. A house, massively granite but hospitably spreading, on the top of this mountain is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beechener, and here luncheon awaited us. From the terrace we had a breath-tak-

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ing view of the mountain range and two enormous windows in the main hall left this view unobstructed. This hall was a picture of cheer with great open fireplace wreathed in holly and evergreens like an old-fashioned Christmas. Great rafters of oak reached to the roof. Tables decorated in red roses and holly added to the colorful gayety. The luncheon was perfect in every detail—just enough food, not too much. My partners on either side of me were most attractive—as I say, every detail seemed right. Immediately after the luncheon, our host announced that a pageant had been prepared which might give some idea of the history of Colorado to our visitors, and that the actors would pass before our eyes outside the windows so that we might sit where we were and enjoy the “passing show.” It was extremely well done, picturing first the early Spanish explorers, then the beaver hunters, the pioneers, the gold miners, down to the present day; and while the pageant was passing a gentleman with a pleasing voice recited the episodes in the history of Colorado. After that a dignified gentleman rose and said that the citizens of Denver had decided to honor Queen Marie in a unique way; that the people of old brought gold and frankincense and myrrh to rulers, but that the people of Denver brought true friendship and loyalty; that the matter was now before the State Legislature to name a mountain (and he pointed to the great range out the window) after Queen Marie so

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that future generations would remember her. I could see by the Queen's face, even if I had not known her so well, that nothing could have enchanted her more. We lingered in this pleasant home as long as we dared, but the schedule had to be observed and we were awaited in the valley below.

We motored down to all the scenes of interest. At four we reached the Military Hospital dealing especially with tuberculosis. The boys lying on couches out-of-doors, some of them in their last stages, wrung the heart. Poor boys! Wrecks of war! The Queen spoke to a number of the patients stretched on their narrow couches in the sun, and one young man in particular, who had been in Roumania during the War and had been decorated, seemed to arrest her attention. The tour ended in the officers' quarters where tea was served by the officers' wives. On the way back to Denver, the Colonel of the hospital rode in our car. He seemed a typical American, full of energy, alive to the emergency of the moment, brisk and business-like. Yet they told me later that he had sacrificed his life to the work of helping these unfortunate lads.

We followed in the Queen's procession which stopped first at a beautiful Greek pavilion erected on the top of an elevation overlooking the town, as a playground for children. Hundreds of them were collected there. The sun was going down behind the hills, a glorious glow of it filled the sky, and as

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the Queen approached, these children lined the way and, preceding her up the stairs of the pavilion, scattered flowers and welcomed her with song. She looked quite transfigured as she stood there against the rosy glow with all the youth of Denver around her.

Her car next stopped at the top of the hill on which the Capitol stands, where a procession of young boys in military uniform passed before her. Denver is very proud of these reserve regiments of boys who are beautifully trained and equipped. But they were mere children, some of them tiny tots, and I cannot understand why this militaristic spirit is being fostered in such young boys—they have time enough for it later on. However, it was a pretty sight, like a Lilliputian regiment trained to keep perfect time with the brass bands preceding.

I had arranged for a friend of mine, Dr. Gerard Webb of Colorado Springs, to dine with us that night, and I met him in the hall of the Brown Palace Hotel just before dinner with his pretty young daughter who sat at my table later. We were seated at small tables excepting the Queen who was at the speaker's table overlooking the room. The dinner was given by the Mile High Club and the President, Henry Walcott Toll, a charming man whom they called Henry, devoted himself assiduously to the Queen. It had been arranged that the seat to the right of Her Majesty was to be occupied by various gentlemen during the evening, but

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Henry's monopoly hardly gave these gentlemen a chance. Henry was evidently very fascinating. The gentlemen at my table were much amused at his tactics. It was a happy event all around, and when the chairman proposed a toast to the Queen in which he said all manner of lovely things about her and quoted freely from one of her books which he had evidently much enjoyed, the Queen was thoroughly pleased. She was radiant about her reception in Denver. She said she felt that the people here were real friends, that wherever she had traveled she had always been treated as a queen, but she longed to be treated as a woman and get close to the lives of others. She knew that her journey was most unusual and that people might not understand the purpose of her coming. She had come "to put Roumania on the map." She said she believed in patriotism; it was one of the noble sentiments of human beings for which men were willing to give up their lives and women their sons, but that patriotism should not mean exclusion of others. Our country had a right to its patriotism. She had learned much from us, she admired our progress and enthusiasm and efficiency. But we had much to learn from her country too. Both countries are comparatively young. Only seventy years, she said, since Roumania had been freed from the Turk; they were just beginning to grow when the War dealt them its hard blow. But with it all the Roumanian had beauties of poetry and sentiment, of

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faithfulness and frugality, in his nature which she wanted Americans to know better. She felt that we lack one thing, we need to live more quietly. She had only one request to make when she left Denver, when she left America, that people should think kindly of her and not give ear to idle gossip which might try to belittle the purpose of her visit.

There was the greatest enthusiasm over her speech. The chairman then rose to say gallantly that the Queen had once written a fairy-tale about an apple woman who maintained a queen was no longer a queen if she mingled with common people, but he did not agree with her. This was a pleasant hit.

We left the banquet rather hastily to attend an entertainment in the auditorium where we had been first received that morning, but it was an entirely different gathering. This time there was a ball by the débutantes of the town for the Queen and the Princess, which included a ballet of lovely young girls. It was a fitting end in grace and beauty to a day which proved that "in small measure life may perfect be."

When we returned to the train that night we were informed that Miss Fuller had left that afternoon for New York, as she had told us all yesterday that she intended doing. She had appeared at none of the functions during her visit on the train but remained quietly in her room, only occasionally seeing the Queen and receiving visitors from time to time.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

History

AFTER THE QUEEN'S SPEECH in Denver, relating the absorbing history of her country, I spent many hours reading all that I could lay my hands on concerning the Roumanian nation, and her own lineage. My observations may be as illuminating to my readers as they proved to me.

The great mass of Americans think of Roumania only as the home of Queen Marie, for she has long enjoyed a world-wide reputation through her writings and the press dispatches concerning the whole Roumanian royal family. Queen Marie, in spite of the actual power wielded by her grandmother, Queen Victoria, and by her maternal grandfather, Czar Alexander, remains a figure out of a story book. Her ancestors in English line of descent have ruled European nations for years. Her three sisters, the Grand Duchess Cyril, the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, and the Princess Hohenlohe of Germany, also link her with the great European powers of to-day, and yet in spite of all these ties with grandeur and power, "she has," in the words of a prominent journalist, "managed to break through

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the barriers of her upbringing, to find the human touch, to realize the feelings and the aspirations of those who lead more humdrum lives." A remarkable accomplishment that, for one whose life has been hedged and hampered with tradition and etiquette.

"In addition to her radiant personality, America has reason to find an interest in Queen Marie as the embodiment of the nation she rules together with King Ferdinand, perhaps the most romantic land in Europe. In Queen Marie we pay honor to an actual ruler, to a charming woman, and to a gallant nation."

This gallant nation, which to many is known in only a vague way as "one of the Balkans and one of the Allies of the World War," has a history of astounding interest. Lying in the war-torn center of Europe, its origin is almost lost in the dim reaches of history. Its inhabitants claim an early Roman ancestry as is evidenced in the name of the country, originally spelled Roumania. This name was officially adopted by the little kingdom that comprises the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. Some historians claim that Roumanians are direct descendants from the legionaries of Trajan. Their language alone, of all the Balkan peoples, is a Romance language, and preserves the traditions of Rome. The population, which now includes Bulgars, Russians, Turks, Magyars, Saxons and about two hundred thousand gypsies, is a composite rem-

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nant of the different peoples and races who have at various times overrun the country and left their imprint on its culture and civilization. Roumania is about the size of New Mexico, with a population of seventeen million three hundred ninety-three thousand one hundred and forty-nine, eighty per cent of whom are engaged in agriculture. The country is rich in minerals, oil and lumber. Its leading religion is Russian Orthodoxy. Education is free and compulsory. The government, a constitutional monarchy, controls seven thousand miles of railroad and navigation on the Danube River and the Black Sea. The country is bordered by Bulgaria, Jugoslavia and Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Ukraina of Russia and the Black Sea.

Roumania entered the War on the side of the Allies although King Ferdinand was a German Prince of the Hohenzollern dynasty, a cousin of the Kaiser, with marked German characteristics, and pure German lineage. But the people themselves elected to go into the War on the Allies' side. No doubt, the influence of the Queen, an English Princess, had much weight in this decision. Before the end of the War Roumania was overrun by the Germans and some eight hundred thousand men fell in this struggle. Roumania had perhaps the largest frontier to defend of any of the warring powers. Along her western front she combated the German forces under Falkenhayn, while on another front she met Von Mackensen with the Germans, Bulgarians

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and Turks. Finally on December 6, 1916, the enemy took Bucharest and the country was overrun. It was during this serious crisis in the affairs of Roumania that I came to know Queen Marie who at that moment was suffering keenly the effects of these terrible times. She had just buried her infant son, and had fled for refuge to the northern part of Roumania, to Jassy which was then made the capital of the country. Through a wonderful man, Dr. A. C. Harte, a Y. M. C. A. worker in Roumania at this time, I learned of the Queen's distress when he came to Sweden and remained at our house as a guest. He gave me a vivid description of Queen Marie's sufferings and sorrows, of the great poverty and misery in Roumania at that time. He said conditions were so horrible they could hardly be described. He aroused all my pity and compassion, enkindled a burning desire in me to help this forsaken country and this wonderful woman. It was then that my friendship with Her Majesty began. Later she bestowed upon me the Cross of Queen Marie, and I had the delightful experience of being a guest in her home a number of times. During one of these visits she read to me through one whole night the account of the heartrending experiences which she suffered during the War. I remember her vivid description of her flight from Bucharest after having buried her infant son in the little Greek chapel in the courtyard of the palace of Cotroceni. The child was a victim of typhoid fever, and lingered on for

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many days while the Germans were rapidly approaching Bucharest. They were almost at the gates when the boy died, and at the eleventh hour Her Majesty left the city in haste with a few chosen friends and hurried to Jassy where, for the first time in her life, she arrived with no one to welcome her and no preparations made for her reception. From that time on she applied herself unsparingly to the relief work which she did so nobly and with such entire disregard of self. Since the War she has continued working for the advancement of her country and its culture.

The Roman origin of modern Roumania has been the basis for the culture and the racial unity of this most thoroughly integral of all the Balkan peoples. In a recent book Professor Iorga of the University of Bucharest traces the history of Roumania from the earliest account of the Thracian peasantry on which Trajan and his successors founded the Roman province of Dacia. "The flux of racial war and conquest has ebbed and flowed around these people who have become the Roumanians through centuries of conflict," he says. In his narrative the author brings more than fifty races, peoples and tribal groups across the little land in the course of twenty or more centuries of its life. "From the steppes of Scythia and the plains of Asia, from the Teutonic tribes to the northwest, from the regions across Byzantium, by sea and by land, races flowed into and over Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, Tran-

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sylvania, and the component parts of modern Roumania. Yet of their culture there is little to-day of Greek and Turkish influence, and of German traces nothing. There was inborn in the Carpatho-Danube region a resistance to outside influences from the earliest times which has trampled over centuries of political servitude." . . .

"After a few centuries of common defense against the northern hordes, the towns they founded formed into a real nation. The race type has to-day something in common with the Slavs. 'Brown, short of stature, with long physiognomy and open countenance,' the Roumanian is still the Thracian peasant, nine-tenths of whose language is of Latin origin, together with his jurisprudence, his social life and the foundation of his culture. Only his derivative words are Slav, and alone among the Balkan peoples he has clung to the Roman script. The vast hordes of barbarians which swept over Roumania when the Romans abandoned the country in 270 always had their destination beyond the country. The Hungarians, Bulgarians and Serbs all settled outside the borders of Roumania. Attila and the Huns rolled onward over Europe while the Tartars sought world conquest. It was the Tartars who conquered the Mohammedan world and later, in the fifteenth century, mastered eastern Europe. The Turks ruled Wallachia and Moldavia down to 1876. In 1878 the independent kingdom of Roumania won its freedom, following the Russo-Turkish

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War. The Turks, however, played no great part in Roumania's upbuilding, as is proved by the fact that nine-tenths of the Roumanians are adherents of the Greek Church."

The rule of the Boyars and the land-holding traditions of the Middle Ages greatly oppressed the country. During the present generation the renaissance in poetry and art has set in powerfully. The strength of the nation is in its sturdy and self-reliant peasantry; and their folk-traditions and costumes, songs and dances, are a rich heritage endeared to the world by their Queen. The German occupation of Roumania greatly affected her trade, but a thoroughly awakened nation built on a solid racial structure guarantees her an enduring foundation.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Kansas City—St. Louis—Springfield

T HURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

To-day is Armistice Day. A great day in the memory of the world which, though forgetful, cannot yet forget that fateful significance. Our train stopped early at Lincoln, Nebraska, for Her Majesty to greet the people assembled with brass bands in full horn, and farther on at Omaha and St. Joseph, Roumanian gatherings headed by priests in their vestments and peasant women in costume waited for the Queen to speak to them in their own tongue.

When we arrived in Kansas City it was getting dark and the city glimmered like a million fireflies flocked in the gloom. President Coolidge had just left about two hours before, after dedicating the new memorial to the dead fallen in the War, which the city had so proudly erected, and the huge crowd was still in gathering along the streets and avenues. As half of Kansas City is in Missouri and half in Kansas there was an enormous delegation. The Queen looked picturesque sitting back in her car in a sweeping brown hat and her red velvet coat; great white-globed Easter lilies lay in a sheaf along

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her arm and set her off beautifully in the shimmering light.

The procession moved toward the top of the hill where the monument stood which the President had dedicated earlier in the day. We mounted the hill slowly and the great shaft, guarded on either side by noble grieving sphinxes with their wings furled over their faces, was most impressive with the searchlights setting it off in sweeping reliefs against the mystery of the night sky. On the summit of the shaft, in a vast hollow bowl burns the fire, with smoke rising day and night, which is never to be extinguished, surely as extravagantly grateful a monument as the disaster has inspired. The Queen, after an introduction from the Mayor on the flag-decked platform below, spoke a broadcasted message to the effect that these dead had not died in vain, the hope in every heart there present. "They died that we might have peace," she said. She then placed her wreath reverently at the base of the monument. It was made of dried flowers painted in the Roumanian colors, a very artistic thing. One can't escape wondering where all these wreaths come from to appear at just the right moment. (Mr. Morris tells me at this point that such things do not appear out of the sky, but that he had been busy telegraphing ahead.)

As the Queen had requested that some banquets be omitted, we were given a vastly needed opportunity to rest that evening before going to the city,

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auditorium where a concert to celebrate the day had been planned. Her Majesty was splendid-looking in her glinting gold evening cape sweeping to the ground and with the waxy white lilies again on her arm. The feature of the program was a patriotic composition, very ambitious in character, written by the orchestra leader, and consisting of an ode sung by the civic societies of Kansas City, and various solo parts. The performance ended with an elaborate ballet, after which we were taken to the house of one of the prominent ladies of Kansas City, Mrs. Jacob Loose, who did her utmost to make a happy evening for us. An organ was played all during the evening, but the guests, who evidently were bursting with Western vigor and energy, talked louder than the organ sounded. Kansas City is a bustling western town and its citizens, certainly those we saw, are perfectly capable of competing with any in vivacity and hustle.

They are a generous lot of people as was proved by the train that pulled out that night heavy laden with their gifts, among them mallard ducks and cakes, home baked. The letters that come from everywhere offering gifts to the Queen are masterpieces. Everything imaginable has been suggested. A letter has just come from a far-off farmer, saying that he has the most wonderful egg-laying hen in America, and that he would gladly offer her to the Queen if she gave him her correct address . . . he "wa'n't going to risk his hen on no train."

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Friday, November 12.

The approach to St. Louis on the train is so delightful that I fail to see why other cities do not copy it or build with that in mind. Instead of the wretched alleys and byways, sooty and grime covered and mean looking, suggestive of all the horrors of modern industrialism, in the first impression of most towns, St. Louis allows the trains to go through the most beautiful section of the city, and Forest Park is the first thing that meets the eye. Wonderful for travelers but hard, it may be, on Forest Park. Our train stopped there. A regiment of soldiers had lined up in military greeting, while the Mayor came aboard to escort the Queen to an open car on which plumes, instead of flags, brilliant in the national colors, spread airily in the breeze. The same were on all our cars and added a bright and unique bit of color to our trip through the city to the Coronado Hotel where we were taken for hot breakfast before a tour of inspection. We sensed the quieter atmosphere here, the dignity of the South encroaching on the more blatant West, and the gentle survival of French influences. The old families here are greatly proud of descent from the early days of the French régime and carry still its impress in their houses and manner of living. Their luncheon in the Queen's honor showed the culinary art and excellent taste of Paris.

In St. Louis as in New Orleans, that other lovely daughter of France in the New World, there is the

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pretty custom, long handed down, of a yearly carnival where a Queen is chosen, amidst much heart-burning, from among the prominent débutantes of the season, and for the year ensuing she has much influence on social matters and is accompanied by two ladies-in-waiting wherever she goes. This is a rare honor which grandmothers proudly hand down to newer generations, blushing still, no doubt, with their pleasure and pride. The honored Queen for this year was Miss Love who sat next Princess Ileana and amused her vivaciously during the luncheon with stories of St. Louis life. I could see in the Princess's eye the envious delight I imagined she must be feeling . . . to be chosen a queen instead of being born one, and to have to work at it only a year! Our hostess in charge, the wife of the President of the Chamber of Commerce, rose and persuaded the Queen to say a few words. Her comments were relative to the unique position of women in the United States, their unprecedented equality with men, and their many privileges which she hoped were appreciated. It is plain Her Majesty thinks well of our American men, and she has indeed every right to.

Directly after lunch we went to inspect the University of St. Louis where the courtly Dean gave a brief talk, praising the Queen as a ruler, a brilliant woman and a beauty. She responded very charmingly that as a woman as well as a queen she had much curiosity and had gratified much of it on her

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visit to America; that only by understanding each other could countries come to agreements to avert war. Later she spoke personally to a group of Roumanians and went from there to the University chapel to act as a godmother to the baby of a former Red Cross worker in Roumania who had requested this favor of Her Majesty.

The usual conventional banquet took place that night, but I shan't dwell on it beyond saying that Colonel Carroll's wife had appeared during the day and was present with us, and that one lovely feature of the affair was the appearance of a beautiful brunette in an orchid velvet gown who presented to the Queen a bouquet of the most exquisite orchids I have ever seen. We were simply amazed to learn they were products of the city's own botanical gardens. Some connoisseur evidently had bred them. Afterwards we attended a horse-show, extremely well done, where the marvelous horses, spirited and highly trained, were a great divertissement. The Prince and Princess had persuaded their mother to allow them to go with the young people of St. Louis to a ball being given that evening where they had the time of their lives, they later told us.

Saturday, November 13.

Springfield, the state capital of Illinois and the home of Abraham Lincoln, was our next short stop. Here the Queen had especially asked to see all that she could of the Great Emancipator's mementos

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and memorials, feeling as she does so keenly the true greatness of this national character. We were conducted first to the arsenal where Her Majesty was welcomed by many, high and low, and where her national hymn was sung in Roumanian by her countrymen. After the regular exchange of speeches and compliments on the part of the Governor and the Queen, we were driven to Lincoln's modest wooden home and to his tomb not far off, a pretentious granite monument with chambers inside where are collected many souvenirs, and where the Queen honored the memory of this, the noblest of men, so deeply imbedded in the public consciousness, both common and royal.

Upon our return to the train we had a lively time at lunch with the gentlemen and ladies-in-waiting talking over the prospects of our visit to Chicago which all were looking forward to with high interest. Chicago, from all the varied accounts of it, had thoroughly impressed the strangers and they had great expectations of this almost fabulous city. I wrote a note to the Queen requesting that she should include an inspection of the Lying-In Hospital, of which I am a member of the board, and which is considered a fine example of its kind. I asked especially also that she should meet my lifelong friend Miss Jane Addams and visit Hull House if possible. She sent for me later in the afternoon and with the letter in her hand, asked me to tell her more about these matters. She did

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not seem to know much about Hull House and after explaining it to her, I said that if it were possible and consistent with safety for her to go there, she would certainly find inspiration for future work in her own country in the place and, above all, in Miss Addams who is considered one of the greatest women of her time for her contributions to the difficult and young science of sociology, and for the instructions she has given to every heart in ways of charity. Her Majesty seemed much aroused and said that I should arrange with the Committee to include these two places in her Chicago program, and seemed especially keen about meeting Miss Jane Addams.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Chicago

THESE ACCOUNTS OF OUR STAY in Chicago are going to sound as hectic and rushed, as compact and cut short, as were our activities while there. We were met on every hand with such an abundance of generosity and interest and Western cordiality that the days we spent there held enough of events to make a book alone and cannot be, any one of them, dwelt on at fitting length here.

Julian Street says, "Imagine a young demigod, product of a union between Rodin's Thinker and the Winged Victory of Samothrace, and you will have my symbol of Chicago." Surely he has hit upon the right and fitting figure, for in this dynamic, urgent city the two spirits roam free, strength and civilized beauty, side by side. The two spirits were once as separate and distinct, as unamalgamated and suspended in solution, as two opposite elements well could be; nowhere was strength civilized by beauty, nowhere was beauty rendered more vital and less potent by the intrusion of savagery. They simply existed, both integral, in every phase of the city's life. Recent years devoted to intensive culture

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have done much to merge these two distinct characteristics. The famous Art Institute which critics everywhere acknowledge would do credit to a city baptized back in the Norman era instead of being, as it is, the comparatively recent thought of a metropolis built within the memory of living men, speaks of the new spirit of the city. Whatever its citizens do is sprung at with a fury of energy, a durability of will and a high purpose that stops at nothing but the best for their Chicago, the great sprawling darling of the West which they themselves have built up bit by bit, like fitting together a fascinating puzzle to a perfect whole, instead of inheriting a city ready-made, like an old collection of horse hair furniture which only a family feeling could cherish. There is in it all through the complete divergences of youth and maturity, strength and spirit, ease and gaucherie. When the world shivers in alarm at its element of lawlessness, let it be remembered, even if it can hardly be credited, that the miracle of a city stands now where no more than one hundred years ago was a wilderness. That is the complete explanation for Chicago, naïve, new, at the awkward age perhaps, but the heir of all the world's civilizations and clever enough to know it. Chicago may well be puffed up over her far-sighted Plan Commission of three hundred picked men, working, planning, thinking ahead for Greater Chicago, for the days when she will be more than the fourth city in size in the world. They take the

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marsh and water on the lake edge and by man's magic they turn it into broad boulevards and drives as beautiful as any the world over, with all the added beauty of the fresh and the new; they force their way across an old and crowded section with a wide carefully lighted thoroughfare that links up with all the city's arteries. Nowhere are they content to accept the shoddy and ugly because it is old. They are building for a super-city and what does not fit in with that plan must go. Wacker Drive is one of their latest achievements in accordance with their project to spare nothing in gaining beauty for Chicago. The city could with honesty boast of that unparalleled coöperative spirit that makes "Chicago!" a battle cry of her citizenry, a rallying point for all differences of opinion to settle for the city's good. The effete attitudes of the East are lost here in geniality, force, enthusiasm. So often criticized from a "high brow" level, Chicagoans have learned to be critical too, like small boys that pretend chestily that they do not care what anybody thinks of them, the lack of reverence that hides real awe. All of these opposite, composite Chicago traits had been impressed on Her Majesty Queen Marie, and she with her entourage seemed to look forward to a more personal contact with all that the city typified.

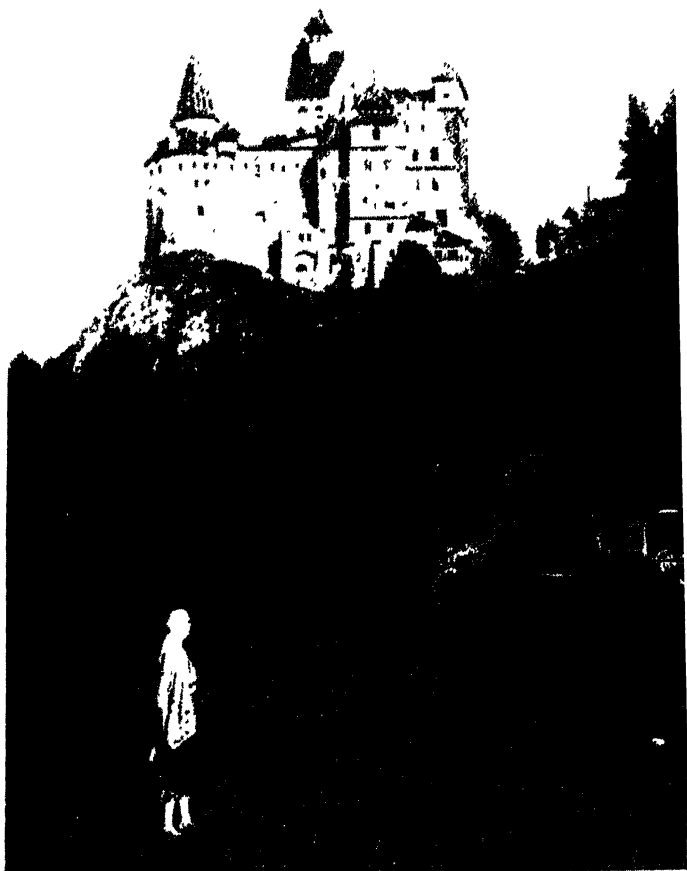
We arrived there at 5.30 on Saturday, November 13, to find the city outwardly dismal, full of that sooty atmosphere so characteristic of Chicago, but the Committee who met us were cheerful in spite

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of all these unpleasant features. It was delightful to see the smiling faces of many old friends among them. There was the lovely Mrs. Francis Johnson, the charming Mrs. Chauncey Blair, Mrs. Joseph Coleman, so typical of the efficient society matron of Chicago, and Mrs. Robert McCormick, the wife of the editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who has always been one of the women I admired for her cleverness and style. Mr. Morris was General Chairman of the Committee here, but Arthur Meeker had taken the lead and arranged a great many matters in his absence. Everything was gay and happy. I felt this all the more, I suppose, as Chicago, after my many years there, has always seemed home to me.

Colonel Tryggre Signeland, who had been appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen while in Chicago, awaited her at the station and was most efficient in escorting her through the dense crowds.

At City Hall we flew up in an elevator to the Mayor's private office, where we were literally pushed in by the crowd. This was not the usual formal reception we had in every city. Here the Mayor extended his hand to the Queen and greeted her as friend to friend, and their conversation was not intended for the public. After a few moments of it, we dropped down again to the waiting cars and faced a rough crowd in the streets. We were told later that there had been some unpleasant demonstrations outside City Hall by groups of anti-



CASTLE BRAU, QUEEN MARIE'S RESIDENCE IN TRANSYLVANIA

Chicago

royalists, but we were not conscious of any unpleasantness excepting the terrible downpour of rain.

Arrangements had been made for us at the Lake Shore Drive Hotel where everything pleased the Queen. There was some complaint among the entourage as the trunks had not arrived, and it was due to their lack of knowledge of the enormous distances of the city that they could not understand this.

The dinner given by the Committee that evening at the Drake Hotel was an exceedingly smart affair, formal and at the same time characterized by Chicago's individuality. The table was magnificent with massive silver ornaments, and the feast was fit for the gods. I sat between Colonel Carroll and Mayor Dever, who told me many interesting details about the political situation in Chicago, and events preceding the Queen's arrival and contingent to her reception at the Mayor's office, which were not so pleasant on account of the demonstrations of the Socialists opposing her visit. These demonstrations were in progress during her reception in the City Hall that evening, I was told. Mr. Morris introduced Mr. Meeker as Chairman, and gave him and the efficient Committee credit for all the arrangements, which so far have been faultless. After his welcome, the Queen expressed her pleasure at being with them and said she had been told that Chicago was the biggest city in America. But as she understood that each place she visited was the biggest or

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the best or the finest, she hardly knew what to believe! There was a reception to about twelve hundred later. My son and his wife were there and, as the young people had never been there together before, they greatly enjoyed meeting all our old friends. To me there is no delight like the hand-clasp of a friend.

Sunday, November 14.

This morning we saw the artillery station themselves opposite the hotel and very soon there was a tremendous cannonade—the royal salute of twenty-one guns. It started us off with enough spirit to tackle the day with a dash. We led off to Lincoln's statue, that great masterpiece of Saint Gaudens' which is one of the gems of Chicago. From there we went on to inspect the Daily News Sanitarium on the shore of Lake Michigan, where the poor sick babies lie. The Queen took up one in her arms and, of course, the photographers were on the spot, having no consideration for the babies, filling the air with the acrid smoke from the flashlights. Never have I seen such a pest as these photographers in Chicago. It was positively brutal, but since the Queen did not object it had to be tolerated. We stopped at the Historical Museum—where the President of the institution presented Her Majesty with a book on Lincoln. The building contains some of the interesting mementos of Lincoln including the bed in which he died.

Chicago

When we arrived at Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick's house for luncheon, the perfect appointments had a soothing effect after the insane screech of the motor-cycle police through Chicago. In all our travels we had not encountered such complete disregard for traffic regulations as here. The affair at Mrs. McCormick's was delightful, the excellent lunch, the magnificent service of gold and the decorations lent a most festive air. Here I saw our old friend Mr. Samuel Hill again, seated opposite me at the table. He had come from New York to see the Queen. Mrs. Carroll and Mrs. Shipley were also here, all old friends. I was between the Prince and Dr. Petresco at one end of the table near Mrs. McCormick and the Queen. The conversation around us led up to psychoanalysis, in which Mrs. McCormick is greatly interested. The Queen described a recurrent dream of hers which so filled her with joy she did not want to wake from it. She was running through corridors filled with people of every nation and she had a feeling of such exaltation that her feet scarcely touched the ground. Presently she saw many Bolsheviki, but as she approached, they fell on their faces to the ground and let her pass unharmed. I was much impressed with her graphic description and wondered if there is any truth in Freud's idea of the indication of dreams as interpretative of the inner soul. I promised to send the Prince a new book by Jung, for his mind, alert and responsive to any idea, is interested in the

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subject. We loitered after lunch, chatting with friends, when suddenly I realized the Queen had left and I hastened to join the procession which was bound for the Roumanian Church. We drove for miles. I had not before realized the great stretches of Chicago. We passed boulevard after boulevard until we penetrated the West Side where stands the simple structure of the church. The service was held by rather gaunt-looking priests, and the congregation looked poor and oppressed by cares. We went from there to a large public school where many Roumanian children attend. Twenty minutes was allotted to this school and I have never seen so many things done in so short a time nor with better planned precision. The photographers were nuisances again; the only place they were not allowed to do their worst was in the Roumanian Church whence Mr. Morris ejected them in fury. After a few words from the Queen to the school children, we dashed out very unceremoniously as the schedule had to be observed at any sacrifice.

We stopped next at a Norwegian Art Exhibit, and from there hastened to the Roumanian Jewish Synagogue, at least half an hour behind the scheduled time. We found this service of the most unusual interest as many present had never seen the like. The men, all with their silk hats on, and the women in their best peered eagerly as we marched down the aisle and the Queen took her seat in the throne chair on the platform with her back to the

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shrine where the Holy Writings are deposited with much reverence. The Rabbi welcomed the Queen and expressed the greetings of the church. From the fine-looking building and the prosperous-looking people, the congregation must be a wealthy one. The Governor was introduced and took advantage of this opportunity to praise the good citizenship of these people and to say they are a credit to Chicago. This address was followed by that of a judge who was a member of the congregation. An old man rose next, wearing a Roumanian decoration which he said he wore on his heart always. He presented the Queen with a souvenir book of the synagogue. The Queen seemed touched with it all and when she spoke she told them the King should hear of the honor they had done her. At that the shouting was so loud and hearty I felt it could be heard clear over Chicago. This great demonstration showed me that some Roumanian Jews are not of the opinion that Roumania is persecuting them, and it seemed to me like a real victory on the Queen's part. It appears that this congregation has always competed with that of another of our cities, but as the Chicago synagogue was loyal to Roumania in the last Jewish crises, the Queen honored them with a visit.

Exhausted as we were, upon leaving the long program at the synagogue, we hastened again through miles of streets to a huge reception of Roumanians awaiting the Queen at the Congress Hotel.

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The large ballroom was crowded to the doors with them, a company of soldiers had to force an aisle. Again there were speeches by prominent ones, and again the Queen spoke to their loud spontaneous applause. I had no notion there was so large a population of Roumanians in Chicago. If their enthusiasm was an index to their loyalty to the throne, I do not see why they ever left Roumania.

That evening at a theater performance a Russian ballet was given at great expense, the lovely little ethereal ladies in crinolines swooping about to the dying falls and tinkling cadences of Chopin's music. Contrasting with this old-fashioned setting were the ultra-modern futurist numbers. I am afraid we were all too tired to enjoy any performance but bed. The Queen looked rather sad and depressed, and wore a gown in keeping with her mood. It was of black velvet. On the long string of pearls reaching to her waist hung the large diamond cross with its pendant pearls. I noticed a gold key attached to a bracelet on her left wrist and this, I am told, unlocks the book of her memoirs.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Shopping Incognito

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

TO me, there is no place which represents so magnificently the realization of the American imagination as the steel works at Gary. The Europeans accuse American men of living like machines, without romance, without sentiment, but the vast enterprises which have been conceived and developed in the business man's brain match the creative products of many another age and epitomize this. With the enlargement of the social consciousness these great projects have witnessed the development, by the incorporation within their gigantic machinery of business, of those philanthropic measures which help the worker to best help himself. The scoffer may say, of course, that all this is to the advantage of the money machine, but I know that the employer in these cases often does more than the public will ever know or could ever ask. The Queen, like many other important personages who have visited this plant at Gary, was carried away as she saw the molten metal run in streams of red-hot liquid from the furnaces. On this day I saw her bring about by the sheer

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force of her charm a most special coup de grâce. All around her the workers, interrupted at her coming, far from her in sympathy, stood surly and muttering, men insolent from ignorance fortified. She sensed it. Instantly a softening change stole across her face and her clear, slightly raised voice called distinctly to them, "Is there a Roumanian among you?" One stirred uneasily, pulled himself up and strode forward unwillingly. She completely disarmed him by the hand she held out, palm up for shaking. "Shake hands with me," she said, "so am I, my friend."

As the tyranny of the schedule was ever before the eyes of the committee, this visit also had to be cut short in order to be at the South Shore Country Club for the luncheon which had been elaborately prepared by Mr. Vopicka, the former Minister to Roumania. The Queen was naturally a little weary but she was as cheerful as usual and grew rested as the meal progressed and Mr. Vopicka did all of the thoughtful things his naturally kind heart prompted, to please her. The dining-hall accommodates about five hundred people and every seat was filled. There was music and singing, toasts and speeches. Mr. Vopicka recited some pleasant reminiscences of his sojourn in Roumania, praising the Queen for her work; the Queen's response was brief but exceedingly grateful. I was seated next my daughter-in-law, a charming girl, who was much admired on this occasion. On my other side was

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Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, one of the city's representative energetic women. I told her that I had asked the Queen to visit especially the Lying-In Hospital, in which we both were so very much interested and to which she had promised to go immediately after luncheon.

Leaving the Club rather abruptly, we dashed off to Chicago University where we were ushered into the dignified precincts of the faculty rooms, and here the Queen met a very impressive assembly of professors in full regalia. My dear friend, Dr. Judson, formerly President of the University, was there, his mischievous smile and gentle manners winning the hearts of the ladies-in-waiting as well as the Queen's. The President, Max Mason, escorted her to her car and we sped on to get in our visit to the Lying-In Hospital which she found extremely well run, she told me later. Prince Nicholas accompanied us on this trip through the rooms where the new babies are packed like loaves of bread. The matron said proudly, "We have three sets of twins here, sir." "Ah," Prince Nicholas replied, "another case of the usual American efficiency."

A very brief inspection of the elaborately equipped Hyde Park Y. M. C. A. followed before the motor-cycle police, with sirens screeching enough to be heard all over Chicago, preceded us along the thoroughfares, in and out of congested traffic, through great sprawling Chicago until we reached

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the Art Institute. The Queen's indefatigable energy, it seemed to me, reached its climax that day. Not a corner, not a picture did she leave unvisited, and with it all there were the greetings to make, the responses, the smiles. One of the most stately halls had been turned into a drawing-room to receive her, and the magnificent surroundings were a fitting background for this beautiful woman. She is a judge of art and a patron too really interested to miss a detail of it. In her country she is the star of all those who endeavor to create beauty. In my visits there I have heard some of the most exquisite music my ear has ever been blessed with, right in her private apartments in the palace. Once she was recovering from an operation, confined to her bed; there was an orchestra of twelve musicians who regaled us the entire evening in the dim light shed by hanging silver lamps. So much has already been written about this wonderful apartment, but I have never seen the exact words to describe it. There are white marble walls, Byzantine arches, carvings and rare ornaments of jade and crystal, rare living flowers for contrast, icons, Madonnas by Raphael and Rubens, dim lights, perfumes, but the atmosphere exceeds any words that try to imprison it. It is like an Arabian Nights Dream. Queen Marie herself is the artist, born with an exquisite sense of beauty, sometimes barbaric, sometimes exotic, always poetic. Seeing her seated in the carved throne chair against the magnificence of that room at the

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Art Institute, my mind wandered back to her own fitting background at her palace in Bucharest.

We returned to the hotel, allowing hardly half an hour to dress for the very elaborate dinner arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meeker and the Chicago committee in the Casino Club where the Queen and Vice-President Charles G. Dawes shared the thrones at the table. The brightly illuminated one-story building sits in a broad open space of ground. Within, the mode of decoration, ultra-modern to the last degree, strikes the eye of every beholder by its completely unique effect. Black and gold are its barbaric colors, gold in the myriad candelabra, black in the long glass covered tables in which the candle flickers are reflected as at the bottom of a dark pool. Only candle light is used, and the flames sway and glimmer among all the black and gold in a manner that greatly credits the clever Mrs. John Carpenter, so successful in decorations.

It was a beautiful party in every way, thought out and planned without any sparing of trouble. The meal itself was excellent, not the case in some we attended. The Queen's gown was the same she had worn at some of her most important functions, the black medieval costume embroidered in silver and diamonds. She had on the great tiara, pearls of an exquisite sheen hung from her chin to her waist and she looked more like one of those gorgeously dressed Madonnas of a Gothic church than

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anything I can describe. The dinner was brilliant; many representative citizens and society people of Chicago made it so. Not being of that city by birth, I can now speak as an outsider and say that these people are as fine a product of the twentieth century as any I have met in all my travels. I had suggested to the host that at Denver, the place on the left of the Queen had been occupied by different gentlemen during the evening; Mr. Meeker adopted this idea with even greater success and the Queen was very much interested in the different gentlemen who devoted themselves to her. Mr. Arthur Meeker, a wonderful host who understands the art of hospitality perfectly, gave an excellent speech and his wife, an ideal type of Chicago's progressive women, presented the Queen with a book about Chicago. Mr. Morris was in a happy mood that night and said some words which came straight from his big heart. The Queen responded most tactfully as is her wont. While the tables were being cleared for an entertainment to follow, we gathered in pleasant groups for coffee. It was 4.30 when I got to bed that night after an eventful day, trying to keep up with Chicago's energy and "miss nothing."

Tuesday, November 16.

To-day is to be "The Queen's own day," as she said she wanted one day to do as she pleased in Chicago. She started off by having what she termed as "a very necessary shampoo," and at 9.30 we

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dashed off to the Woman's Athletic Club, concerning which I had spoken to them on the train when I promised them a swim. The Queen, Princess Ileana and I started from the hotel unaccompanied by any of the suite except "Craggie" yipping and yowling over what he felt was something fine. The lynx-eyed Kenyon was up with the Queen's Roumanian chauffeur in the Palace uniform. The Queen had a mistaken impression that she could travel incognito for one day at least, that unaccompanied by the motor-cycle police we could follow the crowd along Chicago's boulevards. She even labored under the illusion that she could go shopping unnoticed in Marshall Field's. Never was she more mistaken. I had been skeptical from the beginning but I pampered her in this whim, knowing what one such day would mean to her. Of course it could not be. Some of those energetic reporters saw us leave the hotel, and that was enough. Until we entered the doors of the Athletic Club they were right with us, but there they were balked. Being a woman's institution, they could not get beyond the doors. We felt like those criminals of old who have fled to Sanctuary, and, breathless with relief, we went to the top floor where the fine pool is. In a moment the Queen reappeared from the dressing-room in a dark blue knitted suit that set off beautifully her splendid proportions. She told us that she devoted at least one month of the year to her health, taking baths and treatments so as to keep herself in the

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best possible trim for such arduous exertions as fall to her lot. She plunged from the springboard like a girl. The Princess was a picture too, of youthful athletic beauty in a suit of gray. The swimming mistress wore one of white woolen tricot which the Queen admired so much she ordered one for herself straightway. We had a race to the end of the pool, the Queen, Craggie and I. I forget who won but it might have been Craggie, having the day of a dog's life. As we rested, we sat about smoking and munching caviar sandwiches before girding ourselves up to go shopping. I had an idea of what we would face downstairs, although the Queen dressed as inconspicuously as possible and, in spite of all precautions, photographers, who had been patiently waiting, greeted us with exploding flashlights and fuses. Poor Craggie, utterly demented, dashed out into the street while we waited in agony to see him killed in the *mêlée* of wheels. The Queen could not bear it and sprang out herself after him. She boxed his ears for him and called him "a silly dog" while he ducked his cowardly head.

"Now," said the Queen, "let's do our shopping." Confidently imagining ourselves unescorted, we surreptitiously stole down the avenue and selected a quiet entrance to Marshall Field's store. How could we have been so ridiculous as to imagine that the tireless reporters of Chicago would let us "get away" with our project? In less than two minutes after our entrance they were after us with their

Shopping Incognito

"Look this way, Queen." . . . "Head a little higher!" Throughout the store there went a cry, "The Queen! The Queen!" and a mob pressed us into a jelly. It was impossible to move past the first counter. Even Secret Serviceman Kenyon became alarmed and with the assistance of an employee forced his way through the crowd. The Queen, nothing daunted by the jam, was not going to miss anything. Her eagle eye spied a lovely jade-green dressing-case in the distance and nothing would do but that she must examine this, and have it sent out to the hotel. Then she caught sight of a pleasing cloisonné carafe and tray which she also commandeered. By this time it was impossible to move. Half distraught I suggested to Kenyon that we take an elevator to the top floor as an escape. The door was closed on the crowd and we mounted to a floor which few people frequent at eleven o'clock in the morning. But word had got ahead of us and we met a mob as great when we got out. Kenyon suggested that we take the back stairs while some one held the door closed, but two stories lower it was the same performance, only the mob was denser. I looked for a place of refuge and breathed a sigh of relief when I saw a high iron fence and a wall barricading the fur department. That was the very place to go. The doors were closed and the Queen examined at leisure the display of furs which were so much finer than any we had been able to see in the headquarters of the Hudson Bay

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Company in Winnipeg or Vancouver. She selected a lovely gray lamb coat with a beautiful silver fox collar, for the Princess to try on. As we wanted to do some Christmas shopping, we thought next of seeking a jeweler. This was easier thought of than done. The mob that followed us down the street was so dense that State Street was practically closed. I was nervous and frightened, for I considered the venture dangerous, considering the various stories I had heard but which evidently had not come to Her Majesty's ears, about the antagonistic attitude of many of the city's inhabitants. As we all know, Chicago is the place where the melting in the pot of America comes to a boil. Here the bitter out-cast, the conscientious objector, the open fanatic, the discontented representative of mankind, have collected for a few generations. In the midst of this seething mass of humanity, one cannot but fear for the safety of so outstanding a person as the Queen of Roumania. I am sure Mr. Kenyon and I realized the situation on that morning as we never had before, and I felt chills run down my backbone as we pushed through the crowd on our way to a State Street jewelry shop where the Queen admired a jade cigarette box which the manager gallantly presented to her. So far we were unmolested. But upon emerging a more thrilling climax awaited us. Bedlam had broken loose. Having no police to control matters, the mob had surrounded the car, were hanging over the top and on the running board.

Shopping Incognito

They were by no means unfriendly, all we could hear was, "Gee, ain't she great!" . . . "She's prettier than the pictures!" . . . etc., etc., but this did not allay my fear. It takes only one madman to inflict an injury, and when the chauffeur could not possibly force a way through the crowd—so dense that it filled State Street from one side to the other—I was so overwhelmed with the responsibility of it all I could only put my head out of the car window and shout, "Send for a policeman!" It was only after Kenyon procured a few husky Irish policemen to beat the crowd about that we finally managed to get free. I asked the calm Queen if she knew what fear was, and she simply smiled at me and said, "I am in a measure a fatalist, and I believe that nothing will happen to me until my hour comes. I have never been afraid of the physical attack of any human being."

CHAPTER TWENTY

The Union League Club Speech and Jane Addams

I THANKED HEAVEN that we found ourselves only half an hour late to a meeting of the Red Cross in the parlors of the hotel, where the Queen was decorated and speeches were made complimenting her war work, for we still had time to get ready for the luncheon scheduled for the Union League Club, one of the most interesting events of her Chicago visit.

It was here the Queen told of her war-scarred little Roumania; how she, an English Princess, had been called to be its Queen and had borne for her country six children; of how that country stood fast when the Germans were conquering it, and how her soldiers had stood firm when a million Russians in the trenches beside them had turned Bolshevik. She told of how she had gone to Paris after the War to fight for her country's interests; and now she had come to America, she frankly said, "to put Roumania on the map." "When I went down to the Peace Conference," she said, "they asked me why I had come, and I told them this, 'Every country needs a face. I am here to be Roumania's face, to

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make it more personal than statistics and a map.' ” She went on to tell her country’s history, that it had been for centuries a battleground, a tortured country without peace or rest, and so, in a manner of speaking, an impoverished country. Roumania, she said, was used to being overrun just as people become used to horrors. It was like that when Charles, the uncle of the present King, had been called to establish a dynasty and give them a stable government. King Charles gave them hospitals, schools and a government. She said, “You must not consider us as possessing that Western energy of yours, that love for work which my son calls efficiency. We are a slow-going, an ill-treated, persecuted people, and so progress has not been as rapid as it might have been. Our people are excusably suspicious, but Charles and his wonderfully intelligent wife were able to gain their confidence. After them, my husband and I have carried on. When the Great War came we suffered every hardship that war can bring to a country. In March, 1917, the Russians went Bolshevik. For twelve months the Roumanian soldiers fought starving in the trenches with no relief.” Her words rang with pride, “Not one of the Roumanians went Bolshevik.” She ended by saying, “Remember when you belittle Roumania you are treading on the heart of a woman.”

As she turned and bowed to the President of the Club, those near her saw that she was weeping.

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Her address on this occasion was so overwhelmingly sincere that every one present responded to her emotion with an emotion equally sincere. Next to the speech at Maryhill, this was one of the most moving events of the whole journey and made for her many friends.

That afternoon I was requested to go about with the Princess, and our first stop was at Marshall Field's where she did some Christmas shopping. She was especially interested in the department of religious literature where she purchased a number of New Testaments and Bibles to distribute among her friends, for the Princess with the sweet seriousness of youth is inclined to be devout. The Prince too is much interested in the same literature, both have been taking a very thorough course of Bible reading during the past year.

As I had the responsibility of the Princess that afternoon I remained close beside her in spite of the pleadings of a young Chicagoan, who was accompanying us and who begged me to let him chaperon her "since he knew I had so much to attend to about my entertainment for that night." But I was compelled absolutely to refuse. He was one of the many who showed a visible hit in the heart from the Princess's charm. I, for one, would never blame them. I do not know any more delightful young people than Ileana and her brother.

As I had promised Miss Jane Addams to be at Hull House at four o'clock exactly, and as I wanted

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the Princess too to have the privilege of meeting this great woman, we flew across the city at our usual breakneck speed. Even faster, I might say, as the Prince was driving. On our arrival, Miss Addams greeted us. She has always been, to me, one of the great women of the world. I am proud that my country has produced such an enlightened personality, such a worker for humanity. Her wide mournful eyes, the eyes of a saint and a sufferer, seem to have looked into the depth of human misery and found something worth salvaging there. With all my heart I was anxious to have these two women meet. They were complements of one another. The Queen in her beauty and with her large experience has been mellowed by the trials she has had to meet and conquer all her life. All this has made her a magnetic personality, one that stands out in the eye of the world where it has been placed by circumstances. This other woman also has had to stand the blows and vicissitudes of her own fortunes and others' too, making her character almost sublime. I knew that such a meeting should, with the Queen's sensitiveness to impression, give her a new outlook on life, such as comes to all from a knowledge of Jane Addams. When I brought them together I felt that in some way I had accomplished a lasting benefit. Jane Addams's greatness is not only that she has helped her own neighborhood and city and country, but that she has taught other willing souls to help theirs.

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The Queen arrived a little after we did, and as she moved through the motley crowd around Hull House my heart fluttered with anxiety for her safety. But as she stood on the top step of the house, looking like a vision from another world, in her queenly costume of velvet and gold, and waved to them radiantly they all welcomed her with a loud, "Hurrah!" Miss Addams and Mrs. Bowen, her dear friend, met her at the door and led the Queen within. Then I came up and, putting my arms around both, I said, "At last I have accomplished a long-planned purpose! Miss Addams is a saint, your Majesty, the finest woman in America. I wanted you two fine women to meet. I wish you could find a secluded place for a little talk." They did so, and later the Queen told me she was much impressed and would carry back this memory to Roumania. She spoke of Roumania's need and said that anything American women could do to help their Red Cross would be more than appreciated in her country.

She was shown the Crane Day Nursery and the different Hull House Activities, and went on to the Juvenile Court which she found very impressive. It is one of the greatest achievements of Chicago to have started this court where the cases of children may be tried separately from those of hardened criminals.

The reception at the Field Museum that same afternoon also pleased the Queen. Its magnificent

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building on the shores of Lake Michigan recalls the glories of Rome in its prime. What has been built on the mud bank of that lake is surely one of the marvels of man. The Queen could hardly believe in this twentieth-century miracle. Like so many others who have visited the city, she was amazed at the chain of interlinking boulevards, broad and spacious, spreading like great flat ribbons to bind the different sections. Following the lake front, where it edges along Lake Michigan's shores, stretches this wonderful street which has been constructed in the last five years on reclaimed land, once a marshy fringe of the lake. We passed the immense and newly erected stadium rising like a white marble ghost of ancient days. Already in its short span of life it has seated hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people.

Back at the hotel, the vivacious and clever Mrs. J. Hamilton Lewis, wife of the former Illinois Senator and once a guest of the Queen in Roumania, vastly amused Her Majesty and her children in a call during which she told them their "fortunes." The Queen has always been greatly interested in any form of clairvoyance, and Mrs. Lewis has a gift.

That evening a gala performance of *Aïda* was given by the Chicago Opera Company. Four boxes to the right of the stage were devoted to the royal party. Entering, the Queen looked a fairy queen indeed in her straight cut golden gown with long

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pink chiffon sleeves, wearing her most magnificent crown of diamonds and sapphires and her long diamond chain from which hung the famous egg-shaped sapphire like a flame of blue fire. With a sapphire-blue feather fan the ensemble made an unforgettable picture. Chicago rose to the occasion to honor the Queen. Rosa Raisa sang as I had never heard her sing before. Five gentlemen surrounded the Queen. One was Mr. Insull who, as president of the opera company, has done so much for the city. I had to leave my place in the Prince's box to be ready to receive the Queen at a midnight feast we had prepared for her in the Crystal Room of the Blackstone Hotel, and at which I was to give a toast.

Realizing my inability to prepare for it, some of my good friends in Chicago had made all the arrangements for this affair in my absence, and I felt exceedingly grateful to them for such kindness—the thought and attention I knew they had put on it. But I really was not prepared for such loveliness as greeted my eyes when we entered that night. Cloth of gold shimmered blindingly everywhere, from balconies, over tables on which massive gold candelabra rose and candles winked alluringly. It was a setting for the fairy queen, a magic moment, almost breath-taking.

After the day's exertions my poor brain was on strike, and it was Colonel Carroll sitting next me who proved a friend in need. My audience too was

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lenient and, buoyed up by their encouragement, I managed to get through what I had to say—an acknowledgment to the Queen of the debt we all owed her for this visit with its great cost of energy and time, the love that we all felt for her, from the newsboy on the street to the highest, and the interest we would always take in her welfare. Also, I added, she had stood the bombardment of fire since her arrival like a good soldier; the motto of Chicago, "I Will," had been taken over entirely by the city's photographers. The chameleon who suffered a sad accident when he was put on a piece of tartan plaid, trying to turn all colors at once, was precisely similar to ourselves on this trip. I said that, if one more impression is put upon a certain chameleon, I could guarantee that she at least would burst!

The Queen responded to my toast by saying that she had to take sides against me in favor of the photographers. She was not at all opposed to them; on the contrary, she admired them for their great perseverance; many times she had seen them risk their lives on telegraph poles and in spots even more inaccessible to take a picture. The evening was a delightful occasion, and later on we saw the results of the many movies taken on the trip, highly amused at seeing ourselves as others saw us.

All Chicago lay glittering in electricity before us as we emerged into the night to take our way home. The car sped along the boulevards giving us a view of the city under midnight stars. Through the in-

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tersection of streets the high buildings on Michigan Boulevard loomed up, prodigious and imposing seen from the lake drive, lit up to incandescence by the beautiful bronze lamp posts bearing clusters of lights bordering the avenue. Going north on Michigan Avenue, and approaching the new cantilever bridge, we had, across the sleeping city, a glorious, unimpeded view of two magnificent buildings, the Tribune Building, like a Gothic cathedral, and the Wrigley Building, a massive shimmer of white tile, which stood out blindingly in the high lights thrown upon them, illumined against the darkness as the Capitol at Washington is. We crossed over the great bridge leading to the North Side, firm and solid enough when we got to it, although in the unreal light it had looked like a span of lace across the waters. Less than seventy-five years ago Chicago citizens had to be ferried across what was then one of the muddiest and dirtiest of rivers. Now through expert engineering it has been reclaimed into an impressive body of water, carrying many steamers as an aid to commerce. So Chicago goes on, making the worth while and useful, the dynamic and beautiful, out of what others would call waste.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Indianapolis—Change of Plans

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

As the Queen had specially requested that she have her last morning free, no engagements were made before we were due to leave Chicago at 2.00 P.M. to-day. But evidently there is no such thing as peace on earth for a queen. When I went up to her seventh-floor suite, dozens of people were standing in line to see her. Her maids were trying to help her dress, bombarding her with questions as to what to pack and what she cared to wear. There were newspaper people, shop people, aides with cables, people with photographs to be signed, and a thousand other details waiting for her attention. It looked like a week's work before she could get outside the door. The Prince and Princess had started off, each in a separate automobile, to motor to Indianapolis where we were to meet them later. Someway Her Majesty did manage to get down to the railway station in time to bid the Committee good-by, and to let the photographers take their last shot of her on the rear of the train.

Mrs. Washburn and I received invitations to lunch with the Queen in her car that day. After

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discussing different aspects of our Chicago visit, she said that she had had rather discouraging news of the King's health and hoped to be reassured by a cable when we got into Indianapolis. She seemed to be looking forward to the remainder of the journey which had all been so carefully mapped out, but at the same time a feeling came over me that we were approaching the end, for she said, "I am expecting a telegram from Roumania which may cut short my trip." This was my first intimation that the remainder of the journey might be eliminated, and my heart sank. She spoke very intimately about her anxieties in connection with her family in Roumania, and I could tell her heart was there. Turning to Mrs. Washburn, she said that she would never forget the services her husband had rendered her in the War, and that she would always remain his friend. All of her remarks were ominous, as though we were approaching the end.

That evening at five-thirty we rolled into Indianapolis where everything was done to honor the Queen. We took the long ride over the impressive city to a magnificent monument in the central square where the Queen mounted the steps, flanked on either side by soldiers and sailors, was greeted by the Governor and the Mayor and was given the freedom of the city. We visited the Capitol and also the library, a stately building, where she was presented with a volume of Hoosier poetry, since its literary wares are the greatest pride of this unique American City. The people have every right to be

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proud of the fact that they not only encourage literature but also offer literature a fitting remuneration. James Whitcomb Riley and Booth Tarkington are among the Indianapolis celebrities.

In the glimmering lights that had sprung up against the dusk the Queen looked very beautiful in a gold-cloth coat and hat banded with dark furs, as we sped along for her pilgrimage to the city's Roumanian church. A vast multitude of her countrymen were awaiting her there, the choir bursting forth into the glorious Halleluiahs Chorus as the procession entered. One forgot the dinginess and poverty of the setting, in music so divine; the flicker of hanging lamps and far-off candles at the shrine gave an air of cathedral sanctity. The priests in brocaded vestments, the chantings, the choir responding in antiphony from the other side of the screen which so mysteriously hides but does not obscure the holy of holies in these churches, held us spellbound and touched. Children in native costume gathered round the Queen to be kissed and greeted, women drew near her; in that moment she looked maternal, beautifully benign, an expression of suffering and pity was soft on her face. Just as we were turning from the shrine she tripped and fell. Every one rushed to her and she was lifted up at once, but it was quite a shock to us all. She had been rather nervous all day, due partly to bad news of the King and partly because the two young people were out on the bad roads.

She had inquired at once for them on our arrival

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in Indianapolis and was rather anxious when she was told they had not been heard from. The roads were slippery after the rains, and she knew how reckless a driver the Prince was, and how the Princess always made a desperate effort to keep up with him. We learned later that both had had mishaps. Something happened to the Prince's car, machinery out of gear, but fortunately the car following him came up at the right moment. The Princess had tried to follow her brother around a sharp curve and, skidding on the wet road, she had a collision which thoroughly upset her nerves. Just as we were leaving the Roumanian church the Prince appeared, looking very fatigued and excited. The expression of relief on the Queen's face was touching as she embraced him. It is a marvel how she studies her children to the sacrifice of her own peace of mind, in order to build up their characters. No doubt she feels as did the former Crown Princess of Sweden, who also was endowed with this gift for studying her children for their benefit, that no sacrifice was too much for her to make to instil in her children courage and responsibility. As that wonderful woman, the Crown Princess, used to tell me, "They must be trained to be useful citizens."

The Prince stopped after we had gone and spoke intimately to the priests. I am told by the chamberlain that he is a Roumanian to the heart and has a profound devotion to his country and church.

From the church we went to the Columbia Club

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where we were the guests of the evening. We found our quarters most comfortable and well ordered, as is everything in Indianapolis. The banquet awaiting us in the hall had evidently been prepared with much thought and ceremony. It was the great event in Indianapolis. The elaborate engraved programs, the colored waiters in their stiffly starched white coats, the long list of speeches, the massive decorations, all indicated the work of many committees. In spite of her lovely rose-colored dress the Queen looked extremely tired that night and depressed.

I was amused by the character of the banquet and the lengthy bill of fare including every variety of hot bread ever invented. In the precise waiters coming in file down the aisles, carrying their trays high up over their heads, one saw the exact counterpart of the ceremonial processions on the ancient Egyptian monuments. A clergyman who sat next to me seemed somewhat disturbed, and I asked him what was on his mind. He had a prayer to make, he said, and, in order for all to be discreet, he had typed it. He asked me to look it over and pass judgment on it. I saw nothing omitted but the King's health, and I also advised him to speak extemporaneously to the Lord, adding that I thought the Queen would like it much better. But in spite of all this stew the prayer had to be offered in silence as the Queen sent for the Chairman and requested that the ceremonies be terminated as soon as possible. By this time it was nearly eleven

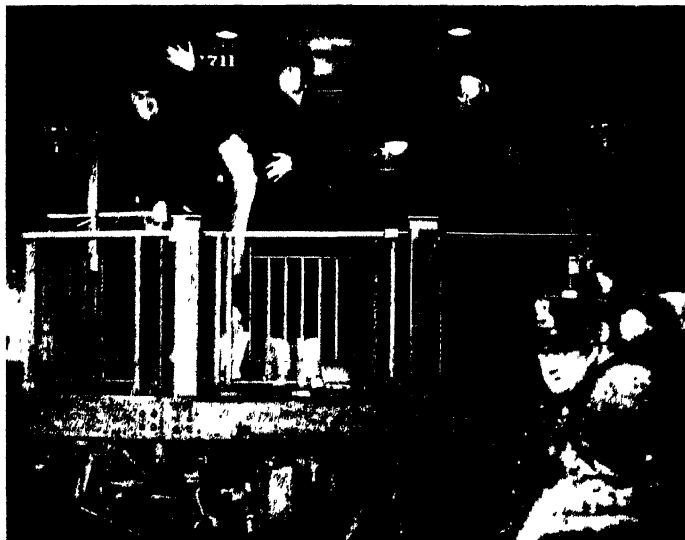
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o'clock and no speeches had yet been made. All were omitted except the Chairman's. When the time came for the Queen to speak, she rose reluctantly, it seemed to me, and said, "It is with a heavy heart I speak to you to-night. I have just received news that the King is not well, and I am extremely anxious. Duty often points to a different direction than pleasure, and I have duties that compel me to leave for Roumania at once." Her voice broke. "It is difficult for me to say good-by, but I only hope that you will have kind and affectionate remembrances of me in America when I have gone from your shores." She was weeping when she took her seat. Naturally this speech put a damper on the whole affair, as depressing as one can imagine. To add to the discomfort, the Princess felt ill as the result of the nervous strain of her accident, and left the table very abruptly. My friend, the clergyman, was determined that his prayer should reach its destination and, asking me to present him to the Queen, he put the typewritten document in her hands.

We hurried from the Club to the train and the entourage spent the remainder of the night in our car discussing what was best under the circumstances. It was decided to give up the rest of our program after Louisville, where we were to arrive the next morning. Telegrams were sent right and left. Mr. Morris, after a talk with Her Majesty, was delegated to procure accommodations on the next suitable steamer sailing for Europe. The sun



ENTHUSIASTIC CHICAGOANS TURNED OUT TO GLIMPSE QUEEN
MARIE AT THE FOOT OF THE LINCOLN MONUMENT



THE QUEEN WAVES FAREWELL FROM THE PLATFORM
OF THE ROYAL TRAIN

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was already up when our weary heads touched the pillow.

Thursday, November 18.

From early morning until we descended from the car at Louisville the train was like a beehive, people rushing about madly. Conversations going on in every corner. Old plans had to be abandoned as tactfully as possible and a new schedule arranged, not an easy matter with a special train of fifteen cars. Mr. Morris was out early and physically commandeered the railway station as his headquarters. Maneuvers on this occasion reminded one of strategies for a campaign. I must say that all who were informed of the sudden change and the unfortunate circumstances that were calling the Queen back, were most kind and understanding. There were only two places among the cities booked for her first itinerary who did not take the matter very graciously, and that was because of the elaborate and costly preparations already made. Naturally one could not blame them, nor could one help it. Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Washington were informed by telephone immediately that the Queen's tour was at an end. We could well imagine their consternation at such news from a clear sky. There had been rumors of it at the very first, it is true, but they had been so emphatically denied by the entourage that no one doubted but that the trip would be continued. All

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manner of suppositions and innuendoes filled the newspapers, naturally; the American public, often as credulous as a child, sometimes surrounds the most simple thing with all sorts of suppositions. This was especially so in the East where the worldly atmosphere of New York precludes the more perfect faith one is apt to find farther West. They had to wait and see that later developments proved the truth.

The Queen was determined to get to New York as quickly as possible. She was extremely worried over the new turn of her husband's illness and the political intricacies involved in the event that something serious should happen to the King. She denied to interviewers that her decision to shorten her tour was the result of political rather than personal pleading. After a long married life it is difficult to imagine being separated by any cause from the person who has been so close a companion. It was most important that she be in her country at this moment for many reasons, and we all realized and sympathized with her in her anxieties.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Louisville and the "Old Kentucky Home"

ONE OF THE FIRST questions to be decided was whether the Queen should accept any invitations that day in Louisville. Preparations had been made there, of course, everything was ready, and the hours were creeping up. It was decided that nothing so close at hand could be conveniently disarranged, and at eleven, an unavoidable hour late, we were greeted at the station by the official committee headed by Congressman Ben Johnson, who seemed so genuinely glad to see us, even though their elaborately arranged program suffered curtailment to some extent.

The Queen asked at once to use the radio, that great communicator, and spoke into its deceptive silence a few words of farewell and thanks to the American people for all the honors she had received.

After a visit to City Hall where Mayor Will received the Queen, it was decided to set out at once for the most individual feature of Louisville's entertainment, a visit to the Old Kentucky Home at Bardstown. I was delighted that Her Majesty was to have one glimpse at least of the Old South that

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she had to miss as a whole; and for myself, I set out with more anticipation than I had felt elsewhere, because the stories of it heard in childhood had set up a longing in my heart to see it for myself. The ride was long and bracing to our nerves, frayed by indecisions, and the swift stiff breeze gave us a fresher outlook. I had been held at the railway station telegraphing and telephoning to break engagements here and there, and took a later car out, arriving just as the royal party were entering the stately beauty of an old mansion famed in song and story as the purest Southern type. Here was the thing dreamed of made manifest. I paused outside to drink in alone the classic fan-lighted entrance, the ineffable calm that prevails where a habitation is linked so harmoniously with the earth. Only then, seeing it in perfection, did I realize how seldom this is so, how often a house is an excrescence, an impediment to the flowing lines of its natural setting.

There must be a strain of Southern blood in me to make me so in love with the South. I love the character of the people, their delicious lazy ways that somehow manage to crowd in all the truly worth while things of life, their philosophic way of looking at things, their love of home and family, the sacrifices they make for sentiment and romance. There is something that warms my heart when I meet a Southerner, a certain charm of old-time elegance, a sense of chivalry about them that has always held me. I saw in the Old Kentucky Home

Louisville and "Old Kentucky Home"

the heart of all the dignity and grace of the life in the South before the War, the paternal atmosphere, protecting and almost caressing in its character, of the vast plantations, each owned by one man, comprising in its parts a complete world, self-sufficient and self-sustaining. The radical Northerner may say that all this is sentimentality, that back of their life was slavery and subjection, but I have never found the Negro so happy when removed from that paternal care. Naturally every human being must have a chance to develop himself, and unhappiness may do it for the Negro. But there is little choice for them between the body slavery of old days and the slavery of industrialism which has enmeshed those so unfitted to grapple with it, who think nothing of to-morrow and ask only a little happiness of to-day. What has been since those old days has been necessary to the progress of the world, nevertheless, the love of old customs lingers in my heart and it warms at the sight of such a place as we were now entering. Inside, too, no anachronism marred the picture. The architecture, simple, serene and classic, laid a great high hall through the center flanked by perfectly balancing chambers, high ceiled and airy, on either side. The furnishings with their airs of quaint elegance and refinement expressed the characters of the original owners and builders, and retold the memories the old house held of the long-departed tragedies and comedies of family life, overlapping one upon the other, generation after

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generation. The bedrooms above had the spare charm of that older formal order of living, high four-posters with steps to mount them, horse-hair furniture, old crocheted bedspreads, daguerreotypes, all the more exquisite embellishments of a formal generation testified to their broad and generous, yet controlled, scale of living, without stint, yet without ostentation. Even the lack of plumbing and heating systems, remembering the same in English baronial halls, might be called an added aristocratic feature.

In the dining-room below, where the royal party were the guests of the Reception Committee including Governor Wm. J. Fields, presiding as host, at the bare polished mahogany table, the Queen sat enchanted with this vision of the Old South which she had always loved, all about her the silver urns of elegant design and the quaint porcelain recalling the past glories of the dwelling. There was a certain sweetness about it all that thrilled us by its individuality in more modern life, and the simple but excellent meal completed the pleasure of the hour. These same hot breads, fried chicken, flaky cakes, had once been the pride and pleasure of the Southern housewife who knew, at the same time, how to play the rôle of great lady also. My admiration for the Southern gentleman was accentuated that day by meeting a most charming specimen who was head of the committee that purchased the place for the State and whose perfect taste had kept all intact. I con-

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cluded that if he was an example of the male population of Louisville they must all be cultured and delightful. He gave me the history of the house, the story of the family who had lived in it for generations. He said it was here our beloved old poem was written—"The Old Kentucky Home"—on the very walnut desk in the hall where the Queen was asked to sign her name in the guest-book. A beautiful copy of the original was presented to her there. She must have been cheered by the sweetness of the occasion and the surroundings in spite of her upset plans and her worries, for I saw on her face the same intense interest she showed in the Far West among the Indian ceremonies, as though she was again seeing something of the heart of the real America—an entirely different phase of life from the hurried commercial atmosphere of some of the other parts of our country. What an infinite variety makes up the many-sided character of our dear United States! The people here took the greatest delight in her charm, and the picture she made in a gown of black velvet with soft lace ruffles falling over her bosom was so much in keeping with these old-fashioned surroundings.

All the servants at the lunch were punctilious old-fashioned darkies stepping about on tiptoe serving the dishes—no want too small for them to catch sight of—in spotless white gloves. While we ate, a quintet of Negroes sang the old plantation airs and the spirituals one hears so much talk of lately,

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in their rich melodious voices. With a simple trick of inflection and a minor chord they could move us almost to tears. It was an unforgettable moment and I was loath to leave it; but that same irrevocable schedule told us we were due in Hodgenville an hour later, and we were warned that the road was long.

From Hodgenville we drove two miles to a certain valley, and there beside a brooklet came to an ancient log cabin enshrined in a marble house—a windowless cabin without a floor, like the mangers of Roumania.

The Queen would not have missed a trip to the shrine here, the birthplace of her hero as well as ours, Abraham Lincoln. We found a log cabin so small as to seem impossible to have housed the family we know about. Here the great man in his youth dreamed out his early dreams, added to his character the force and persistence of his maturity, conspired, in spite of the obstacles of poverty and hunger, that nothing should thwart his purpose and ambition. The old cabin has been enclosed for preservation within a larger building by the Historical Society of Kentucky, so that every child may see what obstacles great men surmount, and every man may know how far he has fallen short of what has been given him.

From the cabin of Lincoln the Queen returned to the glitter of Louisville where the socially elect of the Blue Grass had prepared a gorgeous ball for

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her with royal trimmings. En route we stopped at a cathedral, supposed to contain some wonderful old masters, which was constructed by Louis Philippe.

The spirit of Hodgenville, which is about seventy miles from Louisville, is a million miles removed from such splendor as Louisville that night prepared to honor the Queen.

Upon my arrival in Louisville I found that my poor husband had been transfixed to the telephone all day. After a visit with some dear Southern friends in Louisville who filled my arms with roses, I proceeded at once to the hotel where I thought to find the rest of the party. A huge crowd had as usual collected outside the doors, and as I emerged from the automobile with my bouquet of roses under my arm, shouts of "The Queen! The Queen!" greeted my astounded ears. As I came up just at the moment the Queen was expected, the hungry crowd seized upon me. I finally got inside where the manager, after going to a great deal of trouble to prepare a suite for the Queen, was none too glad to see me in her stead. I was the only one to enjoy the luxury of the suite, and I felt for once what it is to be a queen—with some of the necessary inconveniences thrown in, such as incessant inquiries as to what would happen next. As soon as it was known that a member of the party was in the hotel, the telephone rang without interruption. Within the space of half an hour Detroit, Cincinnati, Richmond and Washington called me

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up. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." I say, let me be a private citizen again!

All would not believe it. Richmond was the most persistent, with a drawling, pleading Southern accent over the telephone beseeching me to tell them that it was all a mistake, that the Queen would surely not disappoint them, not Richmond! That evening at the railway station where Mr. Morris had established his headquarters, and was phoning to three different places at once, a great burly fellow burst in, draped himself over the desk and said, "Say, give me the dope!" My husband reprimanded him so sharply for his rudeness that I had to pull him aside and beg him not to antagonize a reporter. Mr. Morris's voice grew smoother and when he had a few moments he tried to tell the man most convincingly of the King's illness, that all engagements had to be canceled, and that there was simply no alternative. I could see by the cold fishy eye that his hearer was not impressed, and no sooner had I gone to see some friends than I was called to the telephone and the same drawling voice was in my ear. Was there ever more persistence displayed than among this particular genus of reporter, even here in the South where I thought courtesy predominated?

There was painful doubt about the Queen coming to the ball that night in Louisville, but at length it was formally announced that she would appear at 9.30. Accompanied by the ball committee and her

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ladies, she appeared in black velvet with few ornaments, a coat of ermine hanging from her shoulders. Under the circumstances the ball was not as gay as it might have been, although the irrepressible youth of Kentucky did its best to pierce the gloom, and the buffet, tastefully arranged in an adjoining room, helped to relieve the depression. The Queen left early but the Prince stayed on, surrounded by a gay group of young people. My husband and I were requested to stay with him. He is to continue the tour alone to placate the just wrath of some of the towns which will miss the Queen.

Friday, November 19.

This is our last day on the train. All the excitement is over, and now comes the reaction. Every limb aches and I feel I have added twenty-five years to my physiognomy. I dare not face a mirror. I refrain from making any personal remarks about the rest of the company! I feel as if I could sleep standing up. We shall have nice comfortable beds to rest in when we get home, fortunately, but shall we be able to sleep when we get there, is what is worrying me. In Chicago, although I was completely exhausted, I could hardly sleep, and when we got on the train again we tumbled into our brass beds and thanked goodness we were back again. That's habit for you!

Upon our arrival in Jersey City, the terminal of the B. & O., we are to be whisked off in automobiles

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to the Mitchell home in Tuxedo. The Queen had expressed a desire to be in a private home in the country instead of having the publicity of a hotel, and Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, the President of the National City Bank of New York, immediately acquiesced in Mr. Morris's suggestion to have the Queen stop at his place. He and Mrs. Mitchell had kindly invited us to accompany her. We are laboring under the delusion that we shall have a quiet week-end there. I hope it is true. All morning the Queen was busy with interviews on the train, signing photographs to be sent to her different hosts along the way. The whole train was a perfect beehive, but the Queen was busiest of all. With her usual thoughtfulness she remembered every one in some way, with either a gift or a picture. The Negro porter came into our car near to bursting with pride over a pair of gold cuff-links with his monogram. I was very proud, myself, over a little gold match box that came to me.

All were invited to dine in the large dining-car that evening, and all met there, including the Queen, promptly at 8 p.m. This was the Colonel's final attempt to impress with the magnificence of this great effort of the railways, and he told us this was the finest dining-car in the world and was called the "Martha Washington." He was glad that all were safe and happy, and drank toasts to the King and Queen and to the President of the United States. He said that we had arrived safe and sound after a

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travel of 8,750 miles, the longest journey of any train with fifteen cars attached. My aching bones confirmed the distance. Before we broke up the Queen asked to be taken to the kitchens where I am sure she made the cook happy with a gift. With a general vote of thanks for the care we had had, the party broke up.

Saturday, November 20.

Our day began early, this our last day on the train. At 7 A.M. we descended so that the Queen could motor through the Civil War section of the Shenandoah Valley. Our first stop was at the Washington Hotel, where the Queen, in spite of the snow-storm, mounted the steps and spoke to the crowds. It was 9.30 when we reached Harpers Ferry where John Brown, famous in song and story, captured the arsenal which played so important a part in the War of Secession. After that the time was spent on the train getting ready for our final departure from it that afternoon.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

The Last Days

IT WAS EXACTLY FIVE-THIRTY when the train stopped in Jersey City. Mr. Cromwell, Mr. Tileston Wells, consul-general of Roumania in New York, the Roumanian Minister who had arrived in Washington during the Queen's absence, M. Cretziano, and other Roumanian friends met her. The Lincoln cars met us as always, and at break-neck speed the royal party and Mr. Morris and I set off for Tuxedo. Arrived there quite exhausted, we were soon cheered and heartened by the cordial reception of our host and hostess, the great leaping fire in the living-room where the tea table was set and ready, and the general air of comfort and peace. The Mitchell children were brought in and presented to the Queen; we were beautifully conscious that we were in a home again and not on a puffing train.

It was nine-thirty before we could sit down at the table. Great confusion had reigned in the Queen's quarters because the trunks had failed to arrive. The head maid went around tearing her hair and muttering, "Unmöglich!" little realizing that she was in a country of such magnificent dis-

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tances that one city is as large as some states in Europe. But this, as all other disturbances, did not faze the Queen. She cleverly managed to wear a tea-gown of very handsome brocade and appeared at dinner looking as smart and majestic as ever. I had to lend two of my gowns to the Roumanian ladies, who commended my clever maid for having taken the precaution to bring these along in the automobile. No doubt, with a few more weeks of American training, some of our more practical ideas might have been adopted by these ladies.

Sunday, November 21.

The Queen has three days in which to finish up all the complicated details of her visit. The Metropolitan Museum was to be seen, which she had left unvisited previously, various business enterprises she had promised to view; and numerous social obligations had to be met.

That Sunday morning a committee from the Metropolitan waited upon her, and the Queen and I motored in together, having a good opportunity for a long talk about the many things on our minds concerning her journey, her future plans and the possible events that awaited her return to her country. The committee, headed by Mr. Cromwell and Mr. Wells, met her at the Museum's entrance and escorted her through. Later she was unstinted in her praise of the magnificent collection. She went

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from there to lunch with friends where she met General Pershing.

I had gone on to a luncheon given in Calvary Church Mission House for Princess Ileana, and later attended a religious meeting with them, conducted by young Dr. Shoemaker, who is their friend.

The Queen had expressed a wish to see our apartment, and at four that afternoon she arrived there, much to our delight. She was quite exhausted and asked to be taken to my room, where she threw herself across my bed, talking with me and her two ladies-in-waiting all the while. She asked to be allowed to come back to our place the night before she left to dress for the Astors' dinner and to go on from there directly to the boat. I told her that the apartment was at her disposal at any time.

I had only a few people in to tea as I knew she preferred to be alone. A bit later the Princess arrived and perched on the arm of her mother's chair while we all drank tea and chatted enjoyably. As the Queen had promised to visit the "Dug-Out" where a large committee awaited her, she had to leave. She was transported back to war times here both by her company and by the scene of her visit. Aided by General John J. Pershing, she made it a banner day for some seventy soldiers who greeted her at the "Dug-Out," 24 West 53rd Street, New York, the quarters wherein wounded soldiers gather socially. There they are busy with all sorts of wood craft. These articles are later sold in the depart-

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ment stores of New York. The Princess also took away gifts made by the soldiers.

Later, I followed her to this place which has proved such a boon to our disabled men, and found the Queen having the time of her life selecting toys and furniture.

That night the Mitchells entertained at a large dinner. A Roumanian sang the exquisite wild songs of her country and there was other music to delight us. After Mr. Mitchell's toast, the Queen talked to us very intimately and tried to tell us how she had loved the trip and regretted its ending; that she loved everything about America, our generosity, our efficiency, even the indefatigable photographers; in spite of everything I said about them in Chicago, she said, she thought them delicious in their perseverance. I was glad she felt that way about it.

Monday, November 22.

Most of this day was spent visiting among friends, except when the Queen motored to Oyster Bay to pay her respects at Theodore Roosevelt's grave.

That evening she was in high spirits, in an exceedingly becoming gown of red sequins, for she had had more encouraging news from Roumania. I was so thankful that it was not news of the other kind, and all of us were encouraged and heartened. She spoke at the table again of her trip, and retold with delight the story of the struggle for supremacy on the train, saying that each one had tried to do

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what he could to please her. She spoke about the "lovely" Mayors and Governors, about the reporters of America, about the odd and assorted gifts handed out to her at various places, and she dwelt specially on the happy day in Denver, perhaps the happiest of all since her arrival; she spoke in detail of that day's events, of the "sympathetic" Mr. Bannister, and the mountain that had been named for her, which I knew would stick in her romantic heart forever. She recalled the school in Seattle where the red-headed girls lined up to meet her. All of it was like a dream, she said. The happy memories and the dear people she had met could never be forgotten; all had shown her so much love. Too sweet to last, it had to end, and she must go. Her face was very tender and sympathetic as she spoke, leaning dreamily on the table in the candle-light.

Tuesday, November 23.

The Queen's last day in America. For the time being only, let us hope. She sails to-morrow at ten o'clock and it has been decided that she shall go on the steamer to-night instead of returning to Tuxedo. We all motored into New York this morning, the motor-cycle police careening ahead as usual with the sounds of the demented. When we crossed the ferry at Nyack the police were changed to New York officers, as they had been at each town along the Hudson. A number of these men have been hurt owing to collisions, and the Princess had a rather

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unpleasant experience yesterday when the motorcycle policeman preceding her car crashed into another car. Her thoughtful heart has been very solicitous about him all day, after she helped him herself to a hospital. I hope nothing will ever come to mar or spoil this sympathetic quality of her nature. Her relationship with her mother is so noticeably beautiful in this day of "the younger generation's" superiority of manner.

We had a thrilling race through New York after losing minutes over a fire in the brakes. All traffic stopped as we sped down Broadway to the Standard Oil Company's offices. Here we fairly flew up into the clouds to the Board Room, a masterpiece of decorating, where a number of ladies presented bunches of orchids to us all and a souvenir book to the Queen. Mr. Sargent's painting of John D. Rockefeller hangs in this room and arrests one's attention as does all the work of this great master. After fitting ceremonies, we left in a rush for the Battery, where one of the Standard Oil boats was ready at the pier to tour us around the harbor, a most fascinating trip if only the day had been milder. The heavy old-fashioned boat was decked with flags, and whistles blew gay salutes as we passed Governor's Island and the Statue of Liberty. We had a magnificent view of the great monument striding through the skies, and I exclaimed, "Oh, Liberty, how many restrictions are enforced in thy name!"

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The luncheon served below in the boat was most amazing. An excellent jazz orchestra furnished music and sang some of the typical ragtime tunes which so amuse the Queen. I was at the table of the Roumanian Minister, M. Cretziano. I found him a charming man, only in this country a few weeks. He is not yet well acquainted with our customs but I am sure he will be extremely popular when he grows acclimated. Prince Nicholas Hohenlohe-Laugenburg, the Queen's nephew and a very progressive type of the young German out seeing the world, sat to my right. He was a member of the royal party on the "Leviathan" but did not accompany the Queen on her tour. He is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria, and came to America to study industrial and commercial conditions. He is twenty-three years old, the same age as Prince Nicholas. Colonel Treadwell, whom Her Majesty has designated in her impressions as one of the handsomest men she met in America, was on my left. Each lady was presented with a lovely doll as souvenir and everything was carried out in grand style. We found ourselves passing under Brooklyn Bridge when we emerged from the dining-saloon, and the view of the vast barricade of sky-scrapers so typical of American commerce and daring was surpassing. No wonder every foreigner holds his breath at a first sight of such Gargantuan proportions.

The boat landed us directly outside of Bellevue

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Hospital where cars met us to hurry us on to the Edison plant. The different officials from Washington, among them Mr. J. Butler Wright, Assistant-Secretary of State; Admiral Long, representing the Navy; Captain Poillon, Colonel Haskell at the head of the New York National Guard, and others, accompanied the Queen on part of to-day's tour. The sight of the vast Edison plant astonished and completely awed us. As always I am overwhelmed by the sight of great machinery. As Mme. Procopiu said while looking at those stupendous engines, "Man is a marvelous animal, is he not?" The Prince was carried away as usual at a sight which so intensely absorbs him.

The Princess that day had been allowed to go to West Point to bid her dear cadets good-by. I think there was a great deal of heart trouble at the Academy on her sweet account. Later she attended a tea-dance at Mrs. Mitchell's home in New York and spent her last American moments very happily.

Upon leaving the Edison plant, half the party got tangled up by following the car carrying Mr. Morris to our home instead of trailing the Queen. Thence the entourage went through more traffic, in which a motor-cycle policeman narrowly escaped being rammed by a car, to a seemingly unscheduled stop on Park Avenue where the Queen held a reception under the auspices of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Later the Queen attended a meeting of the board

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of directors of the Society of the Friends of Roumania. Here Mr. Cromwell played host with all his old-world charm. Future plans for the organization to sustain the part it plays in the life of Roumania were discussed and the meeting was most satisfactory. This ended a hectic day.

The Queen came on to our apartment to dress for the evening and to say good-by to Colonel Carroll and Mr. Washburn. I took her to her room where she donned a most becoming tea-gown and greeted the two gentlemen who were waiting for her. Their interview lasted an hour.

When she left for Mrs. Astor's dinner she was her most radiant self in a dress of emerald green embroidered in silver, just that evening arrived from Paris.

Her last act in the United States was to accept smilingly in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor a bullet-proof armored town-car which was presented to her by the Willys-Knight Company.

The Prince and the Princess dined with us very informally, together with the members of the entourage, and later we took the two young people to the theater. They said they had not seen a real play since their arrival in New York and begged for this pleasure their last evening. Mr. Morris and the Princess, accompanied by Miss Marr, went to one theater while the Prince and I witnessed a most elaborate review at one of our playhouses famed for these marvelous spectacles which are so un-

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usually well done in America. The Prince soon settled down into enjoyment of the show, which was vivid and elaborate. When I asked if he intended to return to America some day, he said that he did indeed, but it would be some years as he wanted to reënter the navy first. He is the replica of his father certainly, and has a great many of his qualities, being studious, conscientious and thorough. He would not leave a minute before the play was over, and consequently it was hard to force our way through the crowd coming out and filling the street. We were rushed into an open car by the motor-cycle corps, and with them ahead, we flew up Fifth Avenue, taking barely eight minutes to get from Forty-fourth Street to Seventy-ninth. In my evening clothes and without a hat, I was blown almost to pieces and must have looked entirely mad when we arrived at Mrs. Astor's to be told that the Queen had already left. I had to dash as fast back and down to the pier and on board the "Berengaria," where I found the Queen in her cabin alone. There was a moment for a quiet chat before she kissed me on both cheeks in parting, and I promised to return in the morning for a last sight.

Wednesday, November 24.

We found a mob when we reached the pier at nine the next morning—delegations had come from Washington and different places, Roumanians by the dozen were on hand, and each reporter sounded

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like five. The Queen preceded them to the upper deck where she told them in very precise and measured sentences that she was sorry to leave America; that she had been happy here; that she wanted their help in thanking everybody for all that had been done for her, the newspaper men, the officials, and especially the policemen, who had given her such excellent, untiring service. She hoped to come back some day when conditions were more favorable; the health of the King called her back. Her children, she said, joined her in grateful appreciation for all. This was her final interview, though the insatiable reporters went with the ship down the bay.

Our last view was of Her Majesty, her children on either side, waving back with that tear-and-smile of those who pass from happy scenes.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Au Revoir

TO QUOTE from the papers, "When Her Majesty stepped off American soil and on to the deck of the Cunarder 'Berengaria' she unofficially brought her forty-four days' tour of the United States to an end. A farewell message, one of love and gratitude to 'big, great, wonderful, stupendous America,' she broadcasted from the home of Mr. Cromwell. In it she promised to return. When, she did not say. The context of the speech is of peculiar significance because it is her last public message before her departure from America. 'It is with a real feeling of sadness in my heart that I leave,' she said. 'I would like to let you know, every one of you, whom I have met in this splendid country, that I thank you, every one of you, high and low, big and small, man, woman and child, for the way you have received me and made me feel at home.' She then went on to say that she had never felt that she was a stranger, that love had been shown her everywhere. She spoke about her deep regret in having to give up the last three weeks which had been so carefully planned, and which she longed so to experience. She begged

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those who had been disappointed on account of her sudden departure not to think unkindly of her. It was inevitable. She said that the journey had not been tiring because it had been a journey of goodwill, of love and affection. She spoke of the stupendous progress and marvelous achievements of the United States which had impressed her so greatly. She hoped for a day of bigger and greater understanding between her country and ours and referred to the beneficial results of the work of the Friends of Roumania. She said that there were so many pictures in her mind which she had derived from her journey that it all seemed like a dream; that she often thought of the many faces she had seen and that all were the faces of friends. She begged that the memory she might leave behind her might be one of love and affection. She spoke about her children's great interest in America, and she said they all hoped that they might return some day. Her voice trembled with emotion as she tried to express how hard it was for her to say good-by; that she had many regrets in doing so. She ended by saying, 'Do not let any thought come into your minds that perhaps I came here for anything else than what I said, and that was to know you all, to tell you of my gratitude for all that you have done, for all that America has done for Roumania in the time of the War, and after the War. I wanted to come and say "Thank you" to you all. I wanted to see all the glorious things you had to show me.

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I did not come on business. I did not come for politics. I came to carry your friendship back to my country and to help America understand that Roumania also has her rights under the sun. Will you remember,' she said, 'when you light your Christmas trees that my thought will be with you, every one of you? Good-by, dear people of America, blessed child, of which progress and understanding will come. Do not shut your heart away from the Old World, for the Old World and the New must live together and help each other and understand each other. So good-by, America, dear beautiful America.' "

One especially appealing feature of Queen Marie's visit was that she confined her attentions to no one class of society, but was determined that the grasp she got of American ideas and institutions should be broad and rounded. The foreign criticisms that she was so extremely democratic in her conversations with all manner of people I feel can only redound to her credit. She was democratic. She was in a democratic country and had come with an enlightened mind to learn something as well as to teach. A keen intelligence and an alert spirit made her desire to become acquainted with the psychology of every class, with the laborer in the street and the leader of society, and implies no lack of dignity on her part. Her position in America was extremely difficult. The overhanging cloud of the King's illness, the complicated political situation

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which faced Roumania, besides many other family worries, would have been enough to discourage any woman. That she kept her head in the midst of all these trials and never said or did an indiscreet thing during her entire journey, commands every admiration. Numberless requests harried her wherever she went, asking her to intercede for the oppressed and destitute of her own country, and criticisms were made when she did not respond. It seems to me most inconsistent that we should in one breath say, "The Queen while in America is not official," and in the next expect her to act like an absolute monarch. I know full well the intense desire she has to share the burdens of the unfortunate. She will never be silent from lack of interest. Every Roumanian is justly proud of this great woman.

The Queen had been often asked to express her opinion on our national life. She had been very frank to say, along with all the hearty praise she gave, that in our hurry and rush of efficiency we were leaving out much that makes life's struggle worth while. The critics of all nations have found that same fault with us, and many Americans know it and strive to subdue it, but so far theirs is the still small voice crying in the wilderness of industrialism. The Queen's honest and pertinent words surely carried extra force from her position in the public eye, and are to be, one hopes sincerely, heeded and listened to by people who would not otherwise credit them. Religion, Poetry, Tradition, Poise,

Au Revoir

these four, Her Majesty said, should be added as courses in the vast mills of learning that educate our youth. "Poise most of all has its point and its value in life, and I think we could teach that, if you won't consider my advice critical." Again she said, "You go in for practical things and leave out religion. You tolerate thirty or forty Churches and go to none. In my country we have but one Church and all go there." Surely these words do touch a sore spot in our life. The land of religious freedom, yes, and the land of freedom to do without it entirely—a false hypothesis in the light of human needs. The Queen, so deep a lover of poetry as a softening veil over the harsher realities of life, a mitigator of disillusion, a counselor of spring where winter is, found little enough of that aspect in our practicality. This is an age of prose, they say, and certainly ours is the country of it. Tradition; there Her Majesty was lost indeed, looking for it in our hurly-burly of each man for himself, our rewards at the minute for the minute's work, our memory that does not last beyond to-morrow. In her allotted life, as she said, régimes have been handed down with royalty, strictures as well as openings have been entailed along with pedigree; here each man is the founder of his family and when he dies he is dead indeed. No wonder these four subjects were recommended by the Queen of Roumania, departing from a visit among us, as additions to the many fine things in American life.

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Along with this parting I am again irresistibly reminded of Queen Elizabeth's royal visit in the days of Kenilworth. There too the revels at length were over, duties called a queen home, au revours were said and the scenes shifted. No doubt that virgin Majesty, too, was glad to rest her head on her own bed again, to hang up her crown on its own hook once more, to have her meals served when she pleased and not hear a committee tell her that her palfrey must make seven miles by dark. No doubt she was glad of a little common leisure to correlate her new impressions in, to pick up dropped reins, to look to the ways of her household. And among the hosts and hostesses left behind here, as there, were exactly the same feelings and sentiments, the same sighs of relief at the normal again and, at the same time, the enduring sense of honor they feel at participation in an event of history.

THE  END

